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MEMORIAL SERVICES

AND

NOTICES

OF

GEORGE WILLIAM SALTER,

OF

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Born, Barnegat, N. J. . . . . . **December 30, 1853.**

Died, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A. . . . **March 27, 1880.**

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
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Memorial Services

FOR

GEORGE W. SALTER,

HELD

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1880,

AT

WAUGH M. E. CHAPEL,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. JOSEPH R. WHEELER, Pastor.

Order of Exercises.

CHANT—"The Good Die Not."

PRAYER—By Rev. Joseph R. Wheeler.

SOLO—"The Lord Hath Sore Stricken Me,"
Miss Emma Cross.

ADDRESS—By Rev. E. C. Merrick, former Pastor of Waugh M. E. Church.

HYMN—"Rest in Jesus."

ADDRESS—Rev. G. B. Patch, of the Eastern Presbyterian Church.

HYMN—"We Shall Know Each Other There."

ADDRESS—By Rev. Geo. C. Markham, of the Memorial M. E. Church.

HYMN—"Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy."

Benediction.

CHANT—THE GOOD DIE NOT.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet, would I say what every heart approveth:
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not!

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. [*Whittier.*]

PRAYER.

BY REV. JOSEPH R. WHEELER.

SOLO—THE LORD HATH SORE STRICKEN ME.

The Lord hath sore stricken me,
And beneath the stroke my heavy heart is bowed.
In weary pilgrimage the days shall pass
Till from its bonds my weary soul is freed.
Be, then, Lord, my help in trouble;
Be my shelter from the storm;
Hide me 'neath the sure protection of the rock in weary land.
The Lord hath sorely stricken me,
And beneath the stroke my heavy heart is bowed.
[*From "Ruth, the Moabitess."*]

ADDRESS

BY REV. E. C. MERRICK.

I am hardly able, on the present occasion, on account of bodily infirmities, to make any remarks at all. My voice is not sufficient to reach the audience, I fear, without an exertion; but I cannot decline the opportunity to add a brief tribute to the departed. It is some fifteen years, nearly,

since I was sent by the Presiding Elder to take charge of Waugh Chapel, during the remainder of the Conference year, on account of the death of the pastor. The father of the deceased was then one of the teachers of the Sabbath school, and, if I recollect aright, George was one of the boys brought by Brother Dyre to me for drill and instruction in regard to the coming Sabbath School celebration. I formed his acquaintance about that time, and I became more intimately acquainted with him afterwards. He was an associate of my own son, who has gone before, and was an intimate in my own family. I had, therefore, an opportunity to learn a great deal about him in his natural character, as well as in his subsequent developments. He was, what many have remarked of him to me, a natural born gentleman. He had those qualities of head and heart which won the esteem of all who came in contact with him. Amiable in character, he never, so far as I remember, expressed an unkind sentiment, but, on the contrary, his judgments always seemed to be dictated by kindness and love.

Shortly after I removed my family to Washington, there was a class of four boys organized, of which George was one. Of these, but one now lives, J. Alexander Edgar, the Secretary of the Sabbath school, and the son of the Sabbath school Superintendent, and I am thankful that every one of those boys were brought into the fold. Our dear George was somewhat late in manifesting his adhesion to Christ, but we hear that it was not a death-bed repentance, but that the seed which had been planted, and the prayers which had gone up in his behalf in former years, had brought forth fruit, and that before the hand of disease was upon him he had considered the great subject of eternity and had given his heart to Christ, and he left a testimony—I believe it was contained in a letter to the Superintendent of his Sabbath school—in which he testified his hope of everlasting life. While I thank God for this very satisfactory conclusion of a career in these three cases, that was evinced under such favorable circumstances, we have reason to-day to be grateful above all things.

How these parents have occasion to be grateful to God for giving them such a son with such faculties, that he was by their excellent family discipline moulded into such a young man. Not only so, but that he formed the best of a character which commanded respect with his associates in public service, and they come to-day and offer their tribute with ours, some of them, to the virtues of the departed.

It is not, then, an occasion of deep mourning! He, who has left us has only passed on before, and has left a record—a bright and enduring record—behind. He has left a testimony in favor of the saving power of this blessed truth of the Gospel.

Now, we thought it strange that George remained so long out of the Church, that he postponed to such a period his return to Christ; but he has come in, thank God. We know he is safe, and his bright and manly character, with all his honorable elements of manhood, is another testimony—another monument to the power of the Saving Grace, upon which alone we can hope for the regeneration of the world.

I can only say to these parents that they have the grandest consolation that can be offered under such circumstances. They know in regard to him who has gone, that he has secured a place in the Kingdom of God, and that he has but passed on before, and will be ready to meet them when they shall come on hereafter.

May God bless you, and bring you all to form an unbroken family circle in Heaven.

HYMN—REST IN JESUS.

1. Come with all thy sorrow, weary wandering soul!
Come to Him who loves thee, He will make thee whole.

There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest;
There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest.

2. He, thy strength in weakness, will thy refuge be;
Cast on Him thy burden, He will care for thee.

There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest;
There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest.

3. Come, in faith, believing, to His will resigned;
Ask, and He will give thee; seek, and thou shalt find.

There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest;
There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest.

4. See the door of Mercy! Would'st thou enter there?
Knock, and He will open; lo, the key is prayer.

There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest;
There is rest in Jesus, sweet, sweet, rest.

ADDRESS

BY REV. G. B. PATCH.

Brethren, Workers in the Temperance Cause, and Friends:

I sincerely regret that I have not had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the late George W. Salter, in honor of whom we are here assembled; but I well remember his face, his general appearance, which no one, I think, could see and soon forget. Since the sad news of his decease, I have heard much about him, for he was known and loved by a large circle of our Washington people. And though I do not probably feel, as many here must feel, the sundering of tender ties and the soreness of personal bereavement, I yet feel a sense of loss in the reflection that a noble young man has been removed forever from our earthly sight.

The members of "Friendship Lodge" have honored me by calling me to speak for them on this occasion, and this I am glad to do as well as I am able. I will, therefore, give an outline of the work of their departed co-laborer in the great cause of Temperance, and will then speak briefly of his general character, leaving to others the pleasure of referring to his connection with the Sabbath school and to such other matters concerning him as may be best known to them.

Mr. George W. Salter's connection with the Good Templar organization began in the year 1867, when he was about thirteen years of age. He was one of the original members of the "Band of Hope," a juvenile Good Templar associa-

tion, organized at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home, on Second and B streets, Capitol Hill.

In the following year, (November 23, 1868,) A. T. Longley reorganized the "Band of Hope" Society into the "Lodge of Cold Water Templars," and it appears that about one hundred juvenile members constituted the "Sparkling Fountain Lodge," of which George W. Salter was elected Presiding Officer or Worthy Templar. During the next year, being of suitable age, he became a member of the regular Good Templar organization, connecting himself with "Bethesda Lodge, No. 9," in which, after filling various positions, he was elected "Worthy Templar." This office he filled with faithfulness and efficiency until the month of December, 1870, when he left the city in the U. S. S. "Nipsic" for a three years' cruise. Subsequently he made other trips in war vessels in service of the Government. But returning home in the winter of 1877–78, he again identified himself with the Good Templars. It was in April, 1878, I think, that he aided in the work of establishing "Friendship Lodge, No. 11," of which he was a charter member. This Lodge for some time held its meetings in the lecture room of the Eastern Presbyterian church, many members of which are connected with the Lodge. Here Mr. Salter continued his good work until he left the city for the last time, June 30th, 1879; and during the last few days I have heard from many members of Friendship Lodge, all bearing the strongest witness to his activity and zeal in the temperance cause.

Time will not permit me to give a detailed account of his many labors in this field. It is quite remarkable that one so young should be so strenuously engaged in such a cause, and should be promoted so rapidly to the highest posts of honor.

I should not fail to state that as early as the year 1870, Mr. Salter was a member of the *Grand Lodge* of Good Templars. He was also very active as a member of the "Sons of Temperance." Not confined to a single locality,

he visited most of the Lodges of our city, and more or less aided them. He also contributed articles and items relating to the temperance cause to the *Anvil*, the temperance paper of this city; also, at the request of Friendship Lodge, in which he was honored with the office of "Deputy," he prepared a history of the Order of Good Templars in the District of Columbia. This was duly published in the *Anvil*, and extensively read by members of the Order. Of course a history of this kind involved patient research, but it was thoroughly prepared, and it must be of permanent value to Good Templars.

It should be remembered by the lads here that George W. Salter was actively engaged in the good cause of temperance when but thirteen years of age. Full of quiet ardor, sincere and thoughtful, he was very early called to recite pieces before the association with which he was connected, and this he did with great success.

A piece entitled "The Devil and the Grog Seller" was his favorite, and this, as many remember, was the first that he recited in "Friendship Lodge." I will here quote a few lines:

Oh, selling grog is a good device
To make a hell of Paradise!
  Wherever may roll the fiery flood,
  It is swollen with tears, it is stained with blood.
And the voice that was heard erewhile in prayer,
With its muttered curses stir the air;
  And the hand that shielded the wife from ill,
  In its druken wrath is raised to kill.
Hold on your course! You are filling up,
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup,
  And the fiends exult in the homes below
  As you deepen the pangs of human woe.
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day;
  For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
  You rival in mischief the Devil himself.

Not only as an officer or as a public participator in meetings of Temperance Societies was Mr. Salter active, but in his modest, undemonstrative way he labored with the poor victims of intemperance. He did nothing simply to be seen

and heard of men. He was an enemy to all show and pretense. What he did for others he was prompted to do by a sense of duty, or rather by a heartfelt desire to do good. He had an affectionate, sympathizing heart, and so he sought to help the unfortunate. He has been known to spend hours with those whom he found under the influence of strong drink, endeavoring not only to keep them from deeper degradation, but to lead them up into the pleasant ways of temperance. May his patient, self-denying work in this direction be an example to all who would rescue the perishing.

Now, the general character of George W. Salter was quite clearly seen in his frank, open, honest, intelligent face.

The first time I ever saw him I was so impressed with his looks, carriage and demeanor that I was studious to enquire after him.

However much Phrenology may be questioned in its scientific assumptions, I believe there is much in Physiognomy that may claim for it a place among the sciences. The soul within does affect the outward expression. The noble mind occupied with sublime and beautiful thoughts gives a most interesting expression to the face, while the mind that is filled with degrading thoughts, the mind that is given to vice, makes a corresponding impress on the face. True it is that our faces are sculptured by our thoughts and emotions. Titian and Raphael, Rubens and Vandyke, were splendid looking men, and it is said that De Vinci had a beautiful face. A great intellect, a brilliant imagination, pure thoughts and tender feelings, transfigure human clay, while the opposite qualities of mind and heart disfigure it.

The face of George W. Salter bespoke the noble mind, the honest purpose and the generous spirit that belonged to him. If I were asked to sum up and express his character in a single word, looking into that face, I think I should say, apart from what I now know of him, that word is MANLINESS. And we shall see that there is much in this word that his character truly illustrates.

Let us look at some of the elements of *manliness* as applied to him.

First, there is intellect. Mr. Salter had an intellectual face. He was possessed of good sense and sound judgment. His talents were, indeed, rare. It has been my privilege to read some of his published letters, written while he was on the Darien Expedition and while he was cruising in the West Indies and some also that he wrote in Yucatan and Mexico. Many of these letters he wrote while only seventeen or eighteen years of age, and they are really brilliant. All through they exhibit habits of close observation and a maturity of judgment quite remarkable in such a lad, while they are tinged with that humor which gives such a flavor to composition. He was a facile and interesting writer, though he had few literary pretentions; in fact, he was without pretension of any kind. Had he been more ambitious of distinction and more demonstrative, he would doubtless have been more widely known. Though modest and unobtrusive, he yet had that calm dignity, that equipoise of temper, which indicate that he had confidence in his own power. Certainly he did well whatever he undertook to do, and filled to the full every position to which he was called. In all the schools that he attended he ranked high, and he was always held in the highest respect by his fellow students. And when he assumed the work of young manhood, his ability no less commanded the respect and admiration of the men with whom he was associated.

Another thing that enters into the idea of *manliness* is *courage*. I do not mean mere *physical* courage, but moral. True, young Salter braved the dangers of the sea and of inhospitable and pestilential climes, but he possessed also a moral heroism which moved him to do right. It is something in these days to *dare* to do right. Many a young man has not the courage to say *no* when lured to self-indulgence. But this young man at all times and in all places stood boldly up for truth, for virtue and godliness. He was not ashamed to be seen reading his Testament or bending over

his Prayer Book. These were his constant companions when voyaging far from home. And he was not ashamed to be seen leaning over the shoulder of his mother to whisper in her ear some word of endearment. Young men who are ashamed to be seen in the Sabbath school or in good company, who do not decline the overtures of evil companions through the fear of a sneer, are the veriest cowards, whatever be their boasts of manliness. It is not courageous to be profane or vulgar, or untruthful or dishonest.

Young Salter had too much genuine courage and self-respect to do a mean thing.

There is another ingredient of manliness, and essential to it, and this is *conscientiousness.* A conscientious man is one who has a delicate sense of right and wrong, who is careful and quick to discriminate between them, and who evermore cleaves firmly to the right. Mr. Salter was thoroughly conscientious. He had clear and strong convictions which distinguished the truly conscientious man, and he was always true to them. To see the path of duty and to walk in it, to know the right and to do it, was his undeviating aim. So reliable was he that his services were in great demand. His fidelity to every trust was remarkable, and this trait is especially mentioned by the officers of the Navy with whom he was connected.

I will mention one thing more which goes to make up manliness, and which certainly characterized Mr. George W. Salter, and this is a *proper consideration for others.* Without this, no one can be a gentleman in the proper sense. And Mr. Salter was emphatically a gentleman. His whole bearing and demeanor were evidence of this. He was polite, courteous, and affable, not in the way that many are, from mere study and formality, but from a generous spirit and kindly heart. There is a certain exterior polish which passes for politeness in certain places, but which really is far remote from it, inasmuch as it is superficial, hollow, and does not spring from the heart. I believe that no one can be a true gentleman who is selfish.

Mr. Salter was not selfish. He studied the interests and the happiness of others, and was very careful not to disappoint or wound any with whom he came in contact. Even in his boyhood he was pained to see misunderstanding or strife among his fellows, and from his endeavors to restore harmony and good feeling, he won the enviable title of "peace-maker."

With your permission I will here read an extract from a letter written by Lieutenant A. P. Osborn, formerly a Professor in the Naval Academy, now executive officer of the United States Ship St. Mary, who was in service with Mr. Salter, both on the Nipsic and the Shawmut:

"Poor Salter! I am confident that he had no enemies. He seemed an exception to the rule that I frequently advanced, that only those who have sufficient character to make enemies can have very warm friends. He had many warm friends, for he had both force and character, but I know not one that *knew* him but that *liked* him. He was certainly one of the best natured persons I ever knew. He was generous to a fault. He did many kind actions, of which only his most intimate friends knew. He was frank and open, had opinions of his own, and was not afraid to express them and sustain them, but always doing it in such a way as to hurt none, and to bind his friends more securely to him."

What more need I say, my friends? Much that has been said may seem extravagant praise to some; but in speaking of the character of George W. Salter, I not only have that manly face before me into which I look, but I have also ringing in my ears the words of some who were intimate with him. One of these said to me, "You will not compromise yourself in speaking of him in terms of highest praise." Another said, "Mr. George W. Salter was a rare young man; his character deserves great praise."

I trust that the light of his example may stimulate all on whom it shall fall. Oh, for a man—a strong, true man—in this world of ours! Diogenes, the cynic philoso-

pher, was seen with a lighted lantern at mid-day wandering through the streets of Athens. When asked the reason of such strange conduct, he replied that he was searching for a man. Women and children he said that he had found in Athens, but not a man. We are reminded in these times of what the Lord said concerning the scarcity of men or of the value of a man in Babylon: "I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man—than the golden wedge of Ophir." When King David was about to die he called his son Solomon to his side, and said to him: "Show thyself a man." I would this day take of these golden words and cast them forth to the young men about me, and would point to the character of George W. Salter as an illustration of true manliness.

He has gone. Many, with tearful eyes, have read these words: "George W. Salter, son of Edwin and Margaret Salter, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Ocean county, New Jersey, died March 27, 1880, of typhus fever, at Rio de Janeiro, S. A., after an illness of ten days." There, in the land that is washed by the waters of the mighty Amazon, lies his mortal part in the cemetery that he so graphically described in a letter but a short time before his death. Full of bright promise, highly gifted, actuated by noble resolve, growing rapidly into honor, as we believe, with the loving favor of God upon him, he was cut down at the age of twenty-seven years. The lamented Summerfield, so brilliant, so eloquent, so useful, was taken away at the same age. As the fairest, tenderest, sweetest flower is the first to shrink at the touch of icy fingers, so it often seems that the cold hand of death first lays low the noblest and most useful of the sons of men.

But there are life and service beyond the grave, and in that realm of loftier existence we will hope to find the loved ones gone thither before us.

He has gone, but he has left the good legacy of a life fraught with kindly deeds, the light of a splendid character and the honor of a spotless name. May we who tarry yet

on the shores of time so live that we may leave behind some pleasant, helpful works—

"Foot-prints, that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn or shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

"I shall go to him."—2d. Samuel, 12–23.

Know each other, blessed comfort! when this mortal life is o'er,
We shall know our friends departed, kindred spirits gone before:
In our holy thrill of transport they will be the first to share,
First to bid us kindly welcome; we shall know each other there.

Chorus: We shall know, yes, know each other there;
We shall meet beside the crysal river,
We shall know each other there.

Know each other? Who will question truth so grateful to the heart,
When its cords are torn and bleeding, when its earthly hopes depart;
Christian love, how pure and sacred! who the parting scene could bear,
Did not mercy whisper gently, we shall know each other there.

Sweet the moments when we gather in the House of God to pray;
Precious tears are those we mingle, how they cheer us on our way;
Through the glass of faith directed, to our Father's mansion fair,
Comes the golden light of promise, we shall know each other there.

ADDRESS

BY REV. G. C. MARKHAM.

I am glad that the sentiment which has just been sung is appropriate. Memory has been busy with me this hour traveling over the past fourteen or fifteen years. I have almost felt that I dared not trust my feelings to speak what there is in my heart. Fourteen years ago, I think, this month, there was an entertainment in this chapel. Everything was new to me. I had been with the people as their pastor but a few weeks. It was the closing period of that wonderful series of excitements which had agitated our land. The rear of the house was largely filled with soldiers, some of whom were still in the army, others had been.

As the entertainment progressed, a piece was to be re-

cited—the programme said by George W. Salter. My friend, brother William W. S. Dyre, spoke to me, and said, "You will be interested now, I think," and as soon as I saw the sweet face of the lad standing before me, upon this platform, I was interested. As the young speaker spoke of the dying soldier upon the battle field, and talked of mothers' love and of devotion to country, and then talked of death, and then again of faith—the Christian's faith, which sustains in death,—it all seemed so real: and when he said, "Boys, there is one prayer I can say; say it with me: 'Our Father'"—I see the soldier now just as he dropped upon his knee, clasping his hands, when he uttered, "*Forgive* them, boys; all say that strongly." He said what you, Mr. Merrick, gave expression to but a few moments ago in your address. It was the golden thread running through that young man's feelings. It made an impression upon me that I have never been rid of.

Very soon thereafter I sought him out, and invited him to my room. I became deeply interested in him. I found that he was not only bright, but good; that he had a mother whom he tenderly loved. All the goodness with that young man, that boy of twelve or thirteen, expressed itself in "Mother." I can speak of it now, as I could not then. I know now what it is to feel the little one's hands upon the face, to feel the thrilling arms about the neck: and he was full of it. It was very easy to get at such a boy's heart on the subject of religion, and I found him very ready to converse on that topic, and I very soon felt that he was a Christian, growing up symmetrically, and I think I remarked in this house once that I was glad there were parents who trained their children up from infancy to love the Lord, instead of letting them grow up to manhood for the world and the devil to destroy before Grace shall find them. Young Salter was such a one. I have seen him at the altar with tears running down his cheeks. I also remember the coming of Frank Merrick and Sammy Dyre to the altar, and the talk I had with each of the

three, subsequently. George Salter did not give his name to the Church, as I now remember, as a probationer, while the others did, but I don't feel he was any less a Christian. He prayed, he believed, he lived the Christian. I have been looking over the list of those whom I have known favorably, who have departed this life.

Early one morning I was called just across the street to see brother James Dyre take his departure, first. Now, I will name those who stand out prominently. I remember, again, that man of God, who took me to his home and his heart, as though I were a child of his own. Then, there is Edward G. Handy, one of the sweetest spirits I have ever known in Washington. Frank Merrick, one of the brightest lads our Sunday schools of Washington ever trained. Sammy T. Dyer, of whom I have already spoken, and lastly, George Salter. I could name others who shine out as the brightest and the sweetest in the range of memory and acquaintance. Death has been busy here in Waugh Chapel, but my heart is glad to know that they died in triumph. I don't know that we ought to fear death at all, looking upon it, as we are compelled to, in thinking over the lives and deaths of those I have named.

I read a letter but a few days ago from George Salter's superior officer, a gentleman with whom I have the honor of being intimately acquainted, and I don't know what higher honor could be paid to the Sabbath schools and to Christian home training than he bestows in his tribute to young Salter in that letter. He lived the life of a Christian, he died as the Christian dies; and this man, who is not accustomed to speak in the language which we frequently use in discoursing of the departed Son of God, this man says he died as a Christian, and he believes that he rests in the Christian's home. We may believe that he was faithful to his God, as he was faithful everywhere else; that he sleeps to-day in Jesus.

I have thought, as I listened to the remarks of the speakers before me, that there need be nothing further said

to establish comfort, real solid comfort, in the hearts of these friends who mourn the loss of one so dear, for "we shall know each other there." They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. There will not be one of them left. God will not forget young Salter, away down there in South America. God will not leave him. He sleeps in Jesus, if we believe this testimony left by himself—this testimony given by his friends.

"They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." I expect to meet those other young men in higher honor than you pointed out, sir, (addressing Mr. Merrick,) for them in a temperance dialogue which you prepared for them to deliver at one of our entertainments. As I remember it now, one was to appear in the National Capitol as a Senator of the United States, a second as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the third as a celebrated Doctor of Divinity. The dialogue between them was certainly interesting; but, oh, how soon they are transferred from duty here to higher honors! For God has something for those young men to do. He has not called them away from activity to inactivity. God has something better for them to which He has called them; higher honors than will ever rest in this world upon Senator, Chief Justice or Doctor of Divinity. Little did our friend think in writing that dialogue that before fifteen years they would all be called to a higher and a nobler sphere.

I am glad to-day to say to these Sabbath school children that George Salter received decided impression for good here, as he related to me with much feeling a few weeks before he went away, that he received such permanent, such beautiful, such useful impression in this Sabbath school, which is an honor to this school no less than to George Salter. It will be a glad thing when superintendent and teachers and scholars and men and women shall meet and know each other there; and talk over the impressions and duties and trials that they have had together here in old Waugh Chapel; and it seems to me that the bright face of

George Salter shall be one of the brightest and happiest of all the company. I do not know that I should say more, considering the lateness of the hour. I had much more to say.

I know that these parents have comfort in that they did what they could; comfort in the thought, as they look back over his childhood and upon his youth and early manhood, that what they were doing for their son they were doing for the great cause of Christ, they were doing for the great cause of morality—blessing the world; for I know not but that, like one of old, young Salter has slain more in his death than in all his life.

Mr. Markham closed by calling upon the children to be faithful in every duty and relation of life, and not fear death; and, as an instance of the tranquil manner in which the Christian can die, he mentioned the tranquil death scene of a prominent banker, a delegate to the general conference, who was killed on the eve of his departure to attend its sessions.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
From His lighthouse evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.
Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman,
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar,
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
Some poor seaman, tempest-tossed,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.
Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman,
You may rescue, you may save.

BENEDICTION.

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

LAW DEPARTMENT

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGETOWN, D. C.

The Law Department of the University of Georgetown, D. C., held a meeting May 4th, 1880, at which Mr. P. J. O'Connor, of Georgia, presided. The death of Geo. W. Salter, of the class of '79, was announced by Mr. W. C. Jirdinston, with remarks eulogistic of the deceased, and on motion a committee, consisting of Messrs. Howard C. Clagett, of the District of Columbia; W. F. Smith, of Maryland; W. C. Jirdinston, of Washington; Charles E. Rice, of Massachusetts, and C. R. Newman, of the District of Columbia, were appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the regret of the Society at the death of Mr. George W. Salter, of the Class of 1879.

At a meeting held May 10th, the Committee to draft resolutions reported the following, published in the Georgetown *College Journal*, June, 1880:

Report of Committee appointed to draft resolutions in memory of GEORGE W. SALTER, *late of the Class of* 1879, *Georgetown University School of Law.*

WHEREAS, in the infinite wisdom of God, He has seen fit to take from among us one whose pure life and noble qualities endeared him to all; and,

WHEREAS, by the decease of our friend and late fellow-classmate, George W. Salter, we have sustained a loss only surpassed by that felt by those nearer and dearer to him—his fond and devoted parents—therefore, be it

Resolved, That, in our sincere and heartfelt mourning, it is but a just tribute to the memory of our dead brother to bear witness that he who has gone from our midst, in the full flush and pride of early manhood, was one worthy to inspire sentiments of respect and heartiest love.

Resolved, That we heartily condole with his grief-stricken parents, bowed to the earth in their sorrow, under the dispensation which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit upon them; and commend the loving father and mother for consolation to Him who ordains all things for the best, and whose chastisements, we are taught, are but means of bringing us nearer to Him and of recognizing His mercy.

Resolved, That this earnest testimonial of our sympathy and hearty sorrow be spread upon the minutes of the Moot Court of the University of Georgetown, District of Columbia, and that the Secretary of the meeting be directed to forward a copy to the parents of our deceased friend, whom, in life, we honored; whom, in silent death, we remember with sentiments of love and veneration.

Committee, { Howard C. Clagett, *Chairman*.
W. C. Jirdinston,
W. F. Smith,
C. R. Newman,
Charles Rice.

Addresses were made by Messrs. P. J. O'Connor, Wm. C. Jirdinston and H. C. Clagett.

Eulogy on George W. Salter, by P. J. O'Connor, Georgetown Law Collge, May 10th, 1880.

Mr. President:

Why is this hall shrouded in gloom, and why does it echo the voice of sorrow and lamentation? It is because one for whom we mourn with a depth of sincerity and profundity of grief has gone to that—

"Undiscovered country,
From whose bourne no traveler returns."

A young man, full of ambition and prospects of fame, kind, affable and generous hearted, has gone down to the grave in the vigor of his manhood, in the height of his usefulness, and I, in common with a sorrowing family, tearfully deplore his untimely death. I did not intend to speak on the resolutions submitted by the committee, because I know that others could recount in more eloquent language than I the virtues of our deceased friend and fellow-student, Geo. W. Salter. However, I will endeavor to lay my tribute of respect at the sacrificial altar to the memory of one whom I knew and loved so well. Last February a year ago, I enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of forming his acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm friendship. I was not one of his immediate associates, like the gentleman who communicated the sad intelligence to us, and who has so beautifully described the character of this exemplary young man: yet, I knew him as a member of the class of '79, and one whose smiling countenance portrayed the inherent virtues of the man. He left shortly after his graduation for Rio de Janeiro, there to initiate a career which would, no doubt, be an illustrious one. That career, unhappily, was terminated soon, he having been stricken in the prime of life by that deadly scourge, the typhus fever. Would that he had died in this beautiful city, with its endearing associations, its touching incidents, its early affections, its tender recollections, its innumerable joys and delights, as he imaged in his heart as

> "The spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

He was not surrounded by loving friends, who, aided by science and skill, eagerly sought first to stay and then to temper the hand of death; but, alas! he was at once beyond the aid of skill, and insensible as to whether he had the grateful surroundings of home and the tender offices of friendship and affection. His was a sudden death, an

> "Unceremonious fate,
> A sudden rush from life's meridian joys."

The morning saw him full of life, with hope high, looking forward with bright anticipation to the full fruition of a useful and glorious career. Noon brought the doleful summons which bade him join, with quick dispatch,

> "The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade."

It is useless to speak of his cultivated and winning qualities of mind and manners and his public spirit, which won him the respect and confidence of his fellow-students. While a member of the class of '79, professor and student cannot but testify to his exalted character and to his earnest desire to reap the highest benefit from the profound thoughts which fell from the lips of our gifted professors; and I am sure professor and student will vie with each other to honor his memory, for in him were centered a magnanimity of purpose and a nobleness of heart seldom equalled by the young men of to-day. When he had mastered the fundamental principles of the law and had graduated, I knew that if he ever would practice that he would shine with resplendent effulgence in the legal firmament, and shed undimmed lustre on this far-famed Institution. Alas! he had no opportunity to exhibit his ability in the legal field, and the youthful man, ere the cup of pleasure had passed his lips, was summoned on high, to be enthroned in that Heavenly Kingdom where joy and bliss reigneth forever. George W. Salter is not dead, but sleepeth! Time alone can bring healing on its wing to his family.

> "Time, the beautifier of the dead,
> Adorner of the ruin—comforter,
> And only healer when the heart hath bled,"

can alone mitigate, chasten and sanctify the crushing sorrow. And not till after Time has done its gentle work and stilled the tempest of feeling can the sorrowing hearts around his now desolate hearthstone find consolation in remembering how worthily he lived and how gloriously he died. His family and we will shower on his memory

"Those leaves, which for the eternal few,
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew."

In long future years, when this night of gloom and sorrow shall have passed, and there shall come

"The welcome morning, with its heavenly rays,"

young seekers after fame and young lovers of that branch of all branches—the law—will recognize, honor and imitate George W. Salter, our late associate, as one of the undying dead.

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

Address of Mr. Wm. C. Jirdinston.

Mr. Chairman:

It has been extremely gratifying to me, as an old and close friend of the deceased, to note with what sincere demonstrations of sorrow and regret, even from those with whom he was but slightly acquainted, the tidings of his unlooked-for death have been received. From North, South, East and West each mail brings to the suffering hearts of those who loved him best, testimonials of his worth, couched in words of the purest and sweetest sympathy, bringing tears to the eyes of the heart-broken parents, who thank Almighty God that their boy, though dead, is still so well beloved.

George William Salter was born at Barnegat, Ocean Co., N. J., December 30th, 1853. With his parents, he came to Washington, entered the public schools of the District, and graduated with the highest honors in 1870. Just soon after the completion of his studies he was appointed Pay Clerk on the U. S. Steamer "Nipsic," then about starting with the expedition for the survey of the Isthmus of Darien, and after a cruise among the West India Islands he returned home. In 1874 he was appointed to a similar position on the "Shawmut," and in the following year I was appointed

as clerk to the commanding officer of that vessel, then lying at Norfolk, Va., and was introduced to Mr. Salter as his room and mess mate.

Fitted eminently for the position he occupied, he had gained the highest esteem of both officers and men, an esteem not only evidenced by word of mouth, but by actions that spoke louder than words. Qualities that in boyhood endeared him to all, grew stronger and nobler as he advanced in years, and the hopes that gathered about him gave promises of high attainments.

With a mind well qualified for the profession of his choice, he entered this University as a student, and graduated as a member of the Class of '79; and it was his intention, if God so willed it, to return in a year's time and enter again as a student at this University; but a power against which the efforts of man are futile had ordained otherwise, and when death came, prepared by the singular blamelessness of his life, he was ready and willing to go before that Judge whose decree is final. In the community in which he resided he was known by a name which, but few ever obtain. Recognizing neither faction in a quarrel, he endeavored by all the persuasive means in his power to unite the parties so divided, and almost invariably with success, he received a title which has always clung to him—"the peace-maker." What dignity within the power of man to bestow is equal in the eyes of God to that simple phrase, "the peace-maker?" And it so sat upon him that its appropriateness was never questioned, and gray hairs bowed to his decision. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Many years ago a body was washed up on the Jersey coast near Barnegat, and in a pocket-book found upon the body was a list of precepts, some twenty or thirty in number. These were published in the local papers, and the father of our lamented friend taught his boy the virtues hidden in their simple language. "Be cordial in your greetings," and "be considerate for others," were the two that

made the most impression upon him, and that he followed these pure teachings, all who knew him testify. And he is dead! It seems but some horrid dream. Barely a month has passed since the last letter was received from him, and while we were reading it, he had lapsed into an unconsciousness never to be broken. But, Mr. Chairman, with all the regret and sorrow we may feel, who can measure the anguish of a mother's heart? Her boy, her only child; he, whose infant footsteps she had guided to boyhood, whose life from boyhood to manhood had been watched and guarded with maternal pride and tenderness—her thoughts always with him, and counting the days when she would see him again—who can depict her sufferings upon and since the receipt of the news, that the pride of her life, the staff of her old age, was taken from her, never to be seen again? Lamartine tells a story that exquisitely illustrates a mother's love. In some spring freshet a river widely washed its shores, and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built her nest. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup of unfledged song, and fluttering beside it as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river, on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of an old-fashioned mother, who followed the dove she had plucked from her heart all over the world! Swept away by passion, that child might be—it mattered not; though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the shattered roof-tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth through all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

His father had looked upon him as a friend and companion in the coming years, but the love he bore him as his child, and the stern, unromantic affection that man bears for man, has been sundered by a blow as swift as thought; but Providence has given to man a sterner feeling, and he will bear up under an affliction where the weaker nature will give way. But, Mr. Chairman, time will wear out the

deepest grief, and the sorrow and suffering that to a callous nature seem so useless and vain, contending with this terrible fact, afterwards, when it has softened the roughness of its abrasion, and sorrow has subsided, prove to the aching heart a generous balm.

George W. Salter was my most intimate and faithful friend, and St. Chrysostom tells us that "a faithful friend is the medicine of life; for what cannot be effected by means of a true friend? or what utility, what security does he not afford? * * * At the bare mention of him the mind is elevated. * * * Such is friendship, that through it we love places and seasons; for as bright bodies emit rays to a distance, and flowers drop their sweet leaves on the ground around them, so friends impart favor even to the places where they dwell; and when we return to these places without these friends, we weep and lament, remembering the days which we spent in their society. * * * A friend is dearer than the light of heaven; for it would be better for us that the sun were extinguished than that we should be without friends." So was he to me; and though the crushed heart with the voice of faith will strive to say, unquestioning, "Thy will be done," frail human nature will weep for the loved and lost; and though hid forever from our sight, we know that death has no dominion over him; he lives ever with his God; for in those beautiful words of the Apocrypha:

> "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God,
> And there shall no torment touch them;
> In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die,
> And their departure is taken for misery,
> And their going from us to be utter destruction:
> But they are in peace."

And when in the curling smoke that we both liked so well, memory brings in mingled view the palms and the flowers of other climes, and the hoarse roar of the sea, the face of my dear old friend will arise with them, and in imagination I will live over the scenes we passed through together, until the sad fact comes back to me that he is

dead! And down in that far city where he lies, upon one side birds and flowers of a thousand hues cluster about his grave, and the mountains, as "blue as the plum," lift their domes above the clouds; upon the other, the waves of old ocean break in sobbing murmurs upon the beach; and when the evening breeze whispers above his grave, and sentinel stars shine in watchfulness over a sleeping world, that glorious constellation, "The Southern Cross," which together we have viewed in silent admiration, shines down upon his resting place with holy lustre.

But, Mr. Chairman, my feelings choke my utterance. I loved him living, I mourn him dead; but the consolation remains that he awaited the summons with an unfaltering trust in his Maker, and went down to his grave, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." His soul, breathed like an odor into eternity, is with his God; and his body, like the rain, is absorbed in his mother earth.

Remarks of Mr. Howard C. Clagett.

Mr. President:

Death is always terrible. No man can contemplate the vision of the dread monster upon its ever onward march, though he be never so familiar with the sorrow, and tears, and desolation attendant thereupon, without a shudder, without awe, without bated breath and tear-dimmed eye, as his thoughts go out to the mysterious hereafter, as he tries to lift the veil which hides the great unknown. Look for the visitation of the Dark Angel as we may; watch for many months by the bedside of misery and pain; count the failing heart-throbs of those "whose three score years and ten" have well nigh passed, and who sigh for rest and peace and holy quiet, yet, when the last throb has ceased, when the dim light of the lustreless eye has gone out in darkness, when the spirit has flown, and all we knew, or loved, or honored is but cold and lifeless clay, we stand by, helpless

and bowed down, though but a moment before we felt so strong in our resignation, waiting for the hour we knew was near. How much more terrible, then, when we are called upon "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," to pay the last sad rites to one—not old and care-worn, not bowed down with the weight of sorrows nor load of years, not a weary pilgrim in the long, long journey towards eternity, but one young, and hopeful, and bouyant; one for whom life was a bright and beautiful dream; for whom the birds sang with sweeter cadence and the flowers bloomed with brighter hues; who was just starting upon the journey, and who looked along the broad expanse of years, his vision lighted by the sun of hope and soul filled with an ambition to make the world (poor, cheerless world) better, and purer, and nobler, because he had lived in it.

Less than one short year ago George W. Salter stood among us. He was here, like ourselves, young, hopeful of the future, perfecting himself in the study of a profession which, had he lived, he would have never disgraced, either through want of that learning so necessary to its perfection, or through lack of those principles of honor and duty so essential to its preservation, for in both he was a model well worthy of emulation. Less than a year ago he stood where we now stand, debating in the forum of our Moot Court, a fellow-student; aye, to most of us, more than a fellow—a loved and loving friend. Less than a year ago he stood with us beneath the shadow of this University—our Alma Mater and his—in the holy light of the perfect June day, when the grass was green and the flowers fragrant, and all earth glad, surrounded by happy, smiling friends, to receive from the hands of the Chief Magistrate of his country the badge which on its face proclaimed to all the world his calling and his knowledge. To-day, away beyond the seas, in distant clime and on foreign shore, he lies—*dead!* Dead to the world; dead to his friends; dead to all, save immortality. The eye which shone so brightly on that glorious Commencement morn is closed and sightless now. The

hand that stretched forth so eagerly to clutch the coveted diploma is cold, and stiff, and lifeless; aye, all has perished save the noble soul, which must and will live on, crowned with glorious immortality. This is the simple story of one short year; is not death then terrible, cruel, hard to bear? Must I tell you what you all know so well? Shall I speak of those traits which in our dead brother so displayed themselves as to draw all who knew him to his side, to cause all to call him friend, to compel the coldest to wipe a truant tear away and leave a heartfelt sigh upon his grave? Why tell of them? You all knew him; you all have hearts. Is not that enough? Show me his friend, and to-day I will point out to you a grief-ladened heart, filled with genuine sorrow for the loved one gone. But, while we mourn our loss, while we think with regret of him we loved, and speak our thoughts in subdued tones, let us turn for a moment to the contemplation of a still more poignant grief. Behold the loving mother and fond father; she who nursed and cared for him; he who reared and protected him and gazed with pride as his only boy, crossed the threshold and entered the broad portals of noble and honorable manhood. To-night they sit together in their lonely chamber; the lights are dimmed, and through the still air comes a voice from strange and distant shores. As they bend to catch the whispering sound, they hear the wail of agony as the spirit leaves its earthly home, and the voice in one wild burst cries out, "Your boy, your only boy, is dead." O, friends! if we are sick at heart in thinking of a friend, a classmate who is called away, what must those parents feel as to-night they look across the water at the coffin of their son? We loved our brother living—let us turn to those who loved him, too, and in a poor way offer them sympathy, condolence, hopeful consolation, now that he is dead and gone. Let us do this for his sake, for their sakes—aye, for our own sakes, for God alone knows who next among us will need these solemn offices of comfort and pity, nor how soon. George W. Salter is dead. It was God's will he should be

taken, and He, too, ordained him to die a stranger in a strange and distant land. I knew him, and I loved him, for I could not have done otherwise if I would. The only token I can place upon his bier is the one word, "grief;" the only eulogy my heart will permit my lips to speak is the hope that when my earthly course is run and my soul is called to take its flight, I may have so lived that in dying I will leave behind me a friend who will mourn for me as to-night I, his friend, mourn for him.

PROCEEDINGS

OF

FRIENDSHIP LODGE

OF

INDEPENDENT ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

At a meeting of Friendship Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, held Monday evening, May 3d, 1880, Thomas G. Betts, Chief Templar, presiding, the Secretary, Brother J. F. Maupin, announced the death of Brother George W. Salter, late a member of this Lodge, and that memorial services for him would be held at Waugh M. E. Church, Sunday, May 16th.

Brother W. E. Childs moved that the Secretary be directed to inform sister lodges of the time and place of the memorial services of Brother Salter, which was so ordered.

Brother C. M. Robinson moved that Brother W. E. Childs be appointed to act for the Lodge at the memorial exercises; and that on Monday next, the 10th instant, the first half hour after recess be devoted to remarks on the death of our late brother, which was agreed to.

On motion of Sister Ada Spurgeon, it was ordered that the charter of the Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days, as a mark of respect for our deceased brother.

Monday Evening, May 10th, 1880.

After recess the Lodge devoted an half hour to remarks on the death of our late brother George W. Salter, and tributes to his memory were offered by Brothers A. W. Webb, C. N. Robinson, and J. F. Maupin.

Mr. Robinson said:—

Worthy Chief Templar:

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Salter dates from the time of my initiation into this Lodge, though I had long and favorably known him by reputation. In the few short months of our fellowship here I learned to know him as a true and perfect gentleman, and one of God's noblest works—an honest man; honest not alone as the world reckons honesty, but in the broader and larger sense of integrity of purpose, truthfulness and a straightforward impulse to do that which is right. Ever at his post as an officer or member during the sessions of the Lodge, turning neither to right or left in executing the necessary work of the Order, when off duty no eye was merrier, and no voice more happy than his in social intercourse with his fellow members. I met him but seldom outside the Lodge-room, but surely one whose presence here was so cheering could have been but welcome wherever he went.

Thinking of him now, I can see his flashing eye and smiling face, and feel the pressure of his soft, strong hand, and realize that indeed one has gone from among us whose absence leaves a sorry waste in a world where joys are only too few and sorrow is ever about us.

May angels guard his resting-place on that far-off Southern shore, and his eternity be one of peaceful security in the presence of his God.

Mr. Webb said:—

Worthy Chief Templar:

Since our last meeting the sad news has come to us of the death of one whom we each and all respected and loved. George W. Salter, one of our oldest members and a Past Worthy Chief Templar of this Lodge, has solved the mystery of the future. He departed this life at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, March 27th, 1880. Far from home and friends, he was called to lay his earthly burdens down. From his entrance into this Lodge to the time he left us, we were

friends. In all that time I can truly say I never found him anything but a true friend. In the Lodge you all knew him as an earnest worker in the cause which we love so dearly. No duty was too severe, no work too onerous, so long as it was to advance the cause of Temperance. He has gone from us forever. No more can we listen to his words of counsel or of warning; no more can we hear his clear and manly voice in this world. Let us emulate the example he has left us, and endeavor so to live while here, awaiting the time for our call hence, that we may meet him in that safe harbor where we can but hope he has found a good anchorage for eternity.

Remarks of Mr. J. F. Maupin.

Worthy Chief Templar:

As we stand at the portals of the grave of our deceased friend and brother, as we remember that mother dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honor, her comfort and her idol, words are inadequate to express the deep sorrow of our hearts.

In the death of this young man his parents have lost an obedient and dutiful son, the Lodge a bright and shining member, and the community an exemplary, excellent and valuable citizen. His honesty, integrity and fidelity in the transaction of business won for him the confidence and esteem of all who had any dealings with him. His amiable disposition and winning and agreeable manners, made him a shining mark in the circle of his numerous acquaintances and friends. His obedience and devotion to his parents, the docility and gentleness of his character, together with his numerous accomplishments, made him the idol of the household. Ah! who can portray the anguish of that mother's heart when she received the sad news of the death of her darling boy, in a strange land, with none of his beloved household present to smooth the dying pillow.

Oh, what a sad and dreary aspect pervades everything, now that he is gone! Years may roll by, but we will miss

him still. The beaming smiles will no longer greet us; the voice that fell in such music on the ear is hushed in death, and the heart saddens at the thought that never again on earth will the broken link of the family circle be united. Another one may occupy his place in the family group, but alas! no one can fill his place in their affections. He has been suddenly snatched from the embrace of those he fondly loved, in all the blooming freshness of youth and health, and well may gloom and sorrow rest upon every heart. The melody of his voice is hushed forever, and its tones of affection fall not on the ear to cheer and gladden the heart, for he is sleeping in that death that knows no waking. But, my sorrowing friends, we mourn not as those without hope. Our hearts, torn and bleeding, may be wrung with bitterest anguish, for a tender tie has been severed; but remember that God willed it. He whose very essence is love, whose every act is directed by infinite wisdom, and whose omniscient eye sees as man cannot see, now pours into our wounded hearts the balm of consolation.

To the Christian, whose will has been brought into sweet subjection and resignation to the will of God, what a cheering reflection it is in the midst of his sorrows to remember that God willed it. Sorrowing friends, dry your tears, for beyond the narrow confines of life there is rest for you, and the hearts now bowed by the leaden weight of grief will then swell in sweetest notes of ecstacy and praise.

Sister E. A. Spurgeon read an appropriate selection, and a song suitable to the mournful occasion was sung by Brother Rock.

On motion of Brother Robinson, it was agreed that the Lodge attend in a body and in regalia the memorial services of Brother Salter, at Waugh Chapel, on Sunday, the 16th of May next.

J. F. Maupin, *Secretary.*

NOTICES.

From National Republican, May 3d, 1880.

THE LATE GEORGE W. SALTER.

It is one of the very saddest duties of this life to note the demise of departing friends, and especially is this the more distressing when we are compelled to chronicle the death of the young, and in a distant foreign land, where no affectionate touch of loving hands or sound of familiar voice comes to soothe the few remaining hours between this and eternity. Willing and kind friends doubtless there may be, eager to do every service in affliction or distress, but the ministering hand of a mother, with her loving tenderness, though with tear-stained eyes, robs suffering of half its sting and aids the conscious invalid the better to bear up under his rapidly approaching end.

The papers have recently announced, through the Navy Department, the death of the subject of this notice, young George W. Salter, of this city, Paymaster's Clerk, U. S. N., who died at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on the 27th of March last, in the 27th year of his age. In further noticing his death, we desire to add a passing tribute to his memory, as a son and a friend.

Mr. Salter had been early connected with the Navy, but at his present post, where he died while faithfully discharging his duty, he had been about a year. By his intelligence and courteous deportment he soon won, not only the confidence of his superiors, but also the respect and esteem of all who were brought in contact with him in either social or business intercourse. He was a young gentleman of exemplary habits, of the highest personal worth, and an affectionate and dutiful son. While his sudden death is the severest blow to devoted parents, there will not be lacking friendly sympathy for them in this hour of affliction at the loss of their only child; a son of the purest type, a frank, hearty, generous nature, full of kindness and charity, the embodiment of all that charms the young life and calls forth from home, the center of the tenderest affections, sentiments of enduring love and veneration. Not one of the many who were his personal friends but will bear cheerful testimony to his worth and character. In all the relations of his life it was ever his honest endeavor to fulfill strictly the golden rule of doing unto others as he wished to be done by, and that, too, with that noticeable consideration for the feelings of others which marks the strongest manhood, and attracts attention while it commands respect.

As a friend he was honorable, just and true, and possessed of those noble qualities of head and heart which makes his death a calamity to all—parents, friends and acquaintances alike.

Like a flower that is too early cut down, he has left us, in the prime and vigor of promising manhood, and peacefully rests in a distant land. While offering to his grief-stricken parents that consolation which the sympathy of friends may afford, we bow with them to the will of an all-wise Providence, and reverently say, may the turf lie lightly o'er his remains, and the sunlight of Heaven beam bright on his waking.

[*By Thomas W. Cridler.*]

From the New Jersey Courier, May 5th, 1880.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE W. SALTER.

The news of the death of George W. Salter, formerly of Barnegat, son of Edwin Salter, was received in Washington with pain by a multitude of friends, each of whom felt it a personal loss. Wherever he went he not only made, but always

retained, warm friends. In the public and high schools, the church, Sunday school, law college, in the Government departments, among officers of the Navy, and, indeed, among all his acquaintances, the better he was known the more he was esteemed. From a fifteen years' intimate acquaintance with him, the writer can bear testimony to his truthfulness, honor and trustworthiness, combined with invariable courtesy and unusual intellectual and moral qualifications; and these are all endorsed by the naval and other officials with whom he was associated during the past nine years since he first entered the naval service. He died at Rio de Janeiro, March 27th, after an illness of ten days, of typhus fever. While in that city he made, as usual, many warm friends, and they rendered every possible assistance to him in his illness, as he had himself to others there before. The naval official in charge of the station at Rio, in communicating the melancholy news, says: "We all expected Mr. Salter to get well, for we knew his careful and correct habits. I soon discovered his fine qualities of head and heart, and I feel that I have lost a good friend and an aid whose place I cannot fill again. Indeed, I am sick at heart, and am unable to write as I wish. Knowing him as we all did, we could not help but say that he is better off than any of us, for we all believed that, being a follower of the Saviour, God took him to Himself, where he shall have eternal rest."

It is a mournful fact that only a month or two before he was taken ill he wrote a description of the cemetery where Americans are buried, and copied inscriptions from some tombstones, which, with other matters, he wished included in a letter to the New Jersey *Courier;* and near the very spot where in January he took notes he now lies buried. Being an only son, the blow was a crushing one to his parents, whose earthly hopes were centered in him; but while their hearts are bowed down with grief for the loss of one on whom their hopes in life were centered, it is consoling that they have the universal sympathy of all their friends, who do all that can be done to comfort the prostrated and almost heartbroken mother. If it is possible, the remains will be brought to Barnegat and buried in the lot of his father in the Masonic cemetery.

[*Benjamin A. Swan.*]

From the New Jersey Courier, May 5th, 1880.

A Sad Bereavement.

In our issue of July 3d, 1879, we mentioned the fact that George W. Salter, (son of Mr. Edwin Salter, of Washington, D. C.,) a promising young man about 25 years of age, had been appointed to a position in the U. S. Navy Agents' office at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and had just sailed for that port on the steamer "City of Para," intending to remain a couple of years. Many of our readers will be grieved upon learning that the distressing intelligence has just been received by the young man's parents of his death at Rio de Janeiro, March 27th, after an illness of ten days, of typhus fever. Mr. and Mrs. Salter have many warm friends in Ocean County, (their former home,) who will sincerely sympathize with them in their sad bereavement.

[*By S. C. Jennings, Editor N. J. Courier.*]

From the Allentown (N. J.) Industry, May 6th, 1880.

We regret to learn of the death of George W. Salter, son of Hon. Edwin Salter, and we think a native of Barnegat. He was a valued correspondent of ours, and we published very interesting descriptions of the survey for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, from his pen, in the New Jersey *Courier.* His death occurred at Rio de Janeiro, on the 27th of March—a young man of great promise. [*By George Mills Joy.*]

But a few months after writing the foregoing Mr. Joy himself departed this life. He was justly esteemed for his many good qualities, and his death was a shock to all his friends.

From the Monmouth Inquirer, (Freehold, N. J.,) May 13th, 1880.

George W. Salter, only child of Hon. Edwin Salter, Fourth Auditor's Office, Washington, D. C., died at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, March 27th, in his 27th year. Mr. Salter had been connected with the Navy Department for a number of years, and had been a Paymaster's Clerk at Rio de Janeiro for about a year, which position he filled with acceptability and with credit.

[*Col. E. F. Applegate.*]

From Times and Journal, (Lakewood, N. J.,) May 8th, 1880.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE W. SALTER.

To the writer there is something in the sad death of this only child of Hon. Edwin Salter. It is only a few days since, in a long interview, we heard the father speak lovingly and tenderly of his worthy son, and hopefully and gratefully of his prospects, and the blessing he had been to his parents—for Mr. Salter had a just pride in a son really and truly worthy of it all, and more—but who even at that moment, unknown to his parents, was dead in a foreign land. Edwin Salter has long been one of our best and truest friends; and although we never knew his son, we can extend to his bereaved parents our sincerest sympathy for their great loss, knowing at the same time that we but repeat the sentiment and feeling of all who knew the father or who knew the son. The loss is indeed great; but even in the hour of deepest affliction, when there is no sunshine in the household, when memory after memory, springing like bright and fragrant flowers into bloom along the pathway from infancy to manhood, abruptly ends in the darkening gloom of unanticipated death—it is an unspeakable comfort and solace to the afflicted parents that their boy was noble, upright and good. May peace be with these devoted, but stricken ones.

As a testament to the worth of George W. Salter, we reproduce the following from the Washington *National Republican*, May 3d, which was written by a friend and comrade. (Given elsewhere.)

[*By Winfield Scott Snyder.*]

From the Ocean County Democrat, May 6th, 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

George W. Salter, son of Edwin and Margaret Salter, of Washington, D. C., formerly of Ocean county, N. J., died March 27th, 1880, of typhus fever, at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A., after an illness of ten days. He was the only son of devoted parents, whose every hope clustered around his future, which promised to be a career of unusual brightness and success.

Early in life, when a boy, he displayed gifts of mind and heart that endeared him to all who knew him. Later, the measure of promise was fully sustained by the development of rare mental and social qualities, as the testimony of the numerous friends of his early manhood and youth at the National Capital will fairly show.

A friend in the Naval service writes that strong hope of recovery was entertained on account of the well known correctness of his living, but adds, it is better with him than with us, as he reposed unwavering trust in his Saviour, and no doubt it is well with him.

Nearly twenty-seven years ago George William Salter was born at Barnegat, where his memory is cherished by the friends of his boyhood days. He won the regard and love of associates by the exercise of a generosity of purpose wholly unselfish in its dictates, and made friends wherever he went. Those who knew him best loved him most—indeed, it is not known that he had an enemy. Offi-

cers of the Navy, college, Sabbath schools of Washington, and schools with which he was associated from time to time, all unite to accord to him the possession of parts, rare as brilliant. His efforts as a youthful orator are well remembered in Washington and vicinity, and not less so his ability as a correspondent of the *Courier* by its readers while in the Darien Expedition.

He wrote a beautiful description of the cemetery of Rio Janeiro, in which his form now reposes, which may be published at some future time.

It is unnecessary to say that his parents are broken hearted—a gifted and dutiful son, cut down in the flower of his youth, whose education and welfare had been carefully and tenderly cared for, the pride of his mother's heart, her one darling treasure—surely death loves a shining mark. The sympathy of old and true friends is extended, but it is naught; nothing can heal the wounded spirit, save the inscrutable mercy of God. He occupied a position of profit and trust at the time of his death in the office of the U. S. Navy Agent at Rio de Janeiro. Prior to graduating from the Georgetown Law College, he held a situation on board the U. S. Ship Nipsic, where his letters from the Isthmus, above referred to, were written. Intervening this and his last engagement was an experience in the office of a Patent Office lawyer at Washington.

A fine collection of tropical productions, including many beautiful shells, mark the industry of leisure hours. George loved the beautiful in nature. He has gone to join the beautiful in the empyrean, beyond this ephemeral sphere.

He is resting now, thousands of miles away, where Northern breezes come from equatorial shores, where the Polar star of his childhood is never seen, but where the beautiful Southern Cross throws its silvery beams over a spot of earth made more sacred to parents and friends through the rich utterances yielded by his own prolific pen.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all have passed away,
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

[*By Edwin S. Errickson.*]

From the National Republican, May 17th, 1880.

The Salter Memorial Exercises.

"As previously announced, the memorial exercises in commemoration of the demise of the late George W. Salter, whose sudden death by typhus fever at Rio de Janeiro in March last was published in the *National Republican* of the 3d instant, were held in Waugh M. E. Church, Capitol Hill, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The parents, with their immediate friends, and those of the deceased, were present in large numbers to testify by their presence the deep loss they all felt in the early taking off of an estimable son and young gentleman. Friendship Lodge, a Good Templar organization of which young Salter was a member at the time of his death, attended in a body in the regalia of their Order. The services were peculiarly sad but impressively beautiful."

They were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, who made a most eloquent prayer adapted to the peculiar circumstances under which the services were held. Appropriate addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Merrick and Markham, personal friends of the deceased, and by Rev. Mr. Patch, on behalf of the Good Templars, while the choir very beautifully rendered appropriate hymns interspersed between the addresses; and the solo, "The Lord Hath Stricken Me," was finely and feelingly sung by Miss Emma Cross. The closing him, "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy," was sung at the request of the bereaved family, it being a favorite hymn of the deceased.

Through the kindness of the pastor, and of Messrs. O. T. Edgar, W. W. S. Dyre,

William Middleton and other old personal friends of the deceased, members of the Church and Sunday school, the usual afternoon session of the Sunday school had given place to these memorial services for a former scholar, and many of the teachers and scholars were present.

Among other acts of kindness greatly appreciated by the relatives and near friends of the deceased was the taking down, in short hand, of addresses, by Mr. James Henry Smith, formerly of the State Department, but now United States Commercial Agent at Mayence, in Germany; and the preparation of the addresses for printing by Mr. Thomas W. Cridler, of the State Department, to whom they were also indebted for numerous other friendly acts, which will long be gratefully remembered.

From the Washington World, May 20th, 1880.

GEORGE W. SALTER.

Sunday afternoon, at Waugh M. E. Church, a memorial service was held in honor of the late George W. Salter, who died in the naval service at Rio de Janeiro. The salient points in the character of this noble young man were presented by Rev. Messrs. Merrick, Patch and Markham. The choir gave some very sweet and appropriate music. Friendship Lodge of Good Templars, of which the deceased was a charter member, was present in large force. Mr. Salter's superior abilities, amiable qualities and consistent, manly course of good conduct had greatly endeared him to the people of Capitol Hill. Hence there was a large and sympathetic audience in attendance.

[*By Rev. E. C. Merrick.*]

Rev. Edward C. Merrick, the writer of the foregoing, in his opening address at the Waugh Church memorial services referred to his bodily infirmities. He gradually failed, and before the close of the year, in December, he also answered the summons "the Master is come and calleth thee." He was a zealous Christian and an earnest teacher of the gospel; a careful student and of high intellectual attainments. The Quarterly Conference passed sincere eulogistic resolutions in regard to him, which reflected the sentiments of all who knew him. He was one of whom it may be well said, "the world is better because he lived."

From the Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, Md., May 15th, 1880.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

Mr. George W. Salter, a Paymaster's Clerk in the Navy, who died recently at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, was a graduate of the Law department of Georgetown College, having been a member of the class of 1879, and last night the members of that department held a meeting, and appropriate resolutions, reported by a committee, consisting of Messrs. Clagett, Jirdinston, Smith, Rice and Newman, were unanimously adopted, after which addresses eu ogistic of the deceased were delivered.

[*Extract from Washington Correspondence.*]

From Bayonne Times, Hudson County, New Jersey, May 27th, 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE W. SALTER, U. S. N.

The sad intelligence of the death of George W. Salter, Pay-clerk U. S. Navy, of typhus fever, at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, March 27th, 1880, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, has been received at the Navy Department, Washington. The blow came with crushing force upon his bereaved parents, and caused a feeling of deep regret among his friends and associates. Cut down in the full hope of a promising career, among strangers in a foreign land, this noble youth—the pride of a father's heart, the treasure of a mother's love—rests peacefully on the shore

of that beautiful bay, where flowers are always blooming, beneath the swaying of the stately crested palms.

The Atlantic, upon whose "silvery flashing surges" he had gazed with pleasure as a child, and upon whose broad bosom he had spent in later years so many happy nights and days, now, when all is ended, wafts on the breeze sad murmurings from its billows that through the tree-tops whisper requiems o'er his grave.

While above him, in all the splendor of a Southern sky, the Southern Cross, the symbol of man's redemption, beams brightly down, sparkling with the assurance of a glorious immortality.

George W. Salter, the only son of Edwin and Margaret Salter, was born at Barnegat, Ocean county, New Jersey, December 30th, 1853.

His father was the first Republican member of the Legislature from Ocean county, and in 1859 was Speaker of the House of Assembly. Appointed to a Government position during the rebellion, he removed to Washington with his family, where George attended the public schools. There, George was an apt scholar, and his early popularity is attested by holding the chief office of the school and debating societies, while his ability as a speaker commanded his talents at church, school and temperance occasions.

From boyhood he was a prominent member of Good Templars, and belonged to Friendship Lodge at the time of his death.

Graduating from Wallach Public School Building in 1870, he received an appointment as Pay Clerk of the U. S. steamer Nipsic, spending the next three years in Southern waters, and, on this and a subsequent cruise, acted as occasional correspondent of the Washington and New Jersey papers. His letters on San Domingo, the various islands of the West Indies during the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, our prospect of a war with Spain, the survey for an Isthmus Canal, being full of humor, original and interesting.

While on his cruise, Mr. Salter's devotion to principle, under circumstances testing severely the character of a young man, was shown by the able manner in which he preserved his temperance pledge intact, yet retaining throughout the esteem of his shipmates. In the Navy where liquors are set out on all occasions as a token of hospitality, and where, from custom, every one imbibes—a refusal to drink would be taken unpleasantly, and perhaps cause hard feelings against the refuser. Always receiving such invitations from our own and foreign ships of war in port, and people ashore in these tropical countries, it will be seen that the moral courage necessary to resist temptation, and the tact requisite to avoid offending, would put to test the principles of the staunchest temperance advocate that ever fought the wine cup in our land. This did the subject of this notice, and he passed through creditably.

He returned from this cruise in the fall of 1873, and was appointed Pay Clerk of the receiving ship Relief, at the Washington Navy Yard, in 1874. Held the same position on the Shawmut in '75, and during her two years' cruise touched at the same ports visited by the Nipsic in a former cruise.

The summer of 1877 was spent on the Saratoga—a practice ship or sloop-of-war for boys—in cruising about the coast.

Studied law in 1878–79, graduating from the Law Department of the University of Georgetown, June 26, 1879. He and his fellow graduates received their diplomas from the hands of the then President of the United States, R. B. Hayes. Received an appointment as Pay Clerk under Paymaster Bacon, at the U. S. Naval Depot, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, sailing from New York, July 3d, 1879, on the steamship City of Para. The writer of this accompanied him to the ship, and was the last of his old Washington friends to bid him adieu; and as he watched him on the deck of the ship as she steamed down the harbor, he little thought it was to be a final farewell. In all his cruises the writer had been in intimate correspondence with him, and in letters received from him at Rio up to the time of his last illness he spoke of enjoying good health and gaining several pounds in

weight. During the sickly season he spent some time at Tijuca, a cool retreat in the mountains, eight miles from the city, 1,300 feet above the sea, and commanding fine views of the adjoining country. "The charm of Tijuca is that while its climate is unchanging June, and its verdure tropical, it possesses the sparkling cascades and thundering waterfalls of Switzerland."

At Rio he was seized with typhus fever, and after an illness of ten days he died, March 27th, 1880, and was laid in the American reservation of a cemetery, where, only a few months before, he had taken notes for a letter which he had desired to be published in a New Jersey paper.

The class of 1879-80 of the Law Department of the University of Georgetown adopted resolutions of regret, and eulogies were pronounced by members of the class.

Memorial services in commemoration of his death were held at Waugh M. E. Chapel, Sunday, May 16th, at 3 P. M. The parents and friends of the deceased in large numbers testified by their presence the respect in which he was held, and Friendship Lodge of Good Templars, to which deceased belonged, attended in full regalia. The services were sad, but impressively beautiful, and were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler. Appropriate addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Merrick and Markham, personal friends of the deceased, and by Rev. Mr. Patch on behalf of the temperance organizations, and suitable hymns were touchingly rendered by the choir.

Thus hath passed away a loving son, a staunch friend and a gentleman of fine abilities. He followed the golden rule of doing unto others as he wished to be done by; and his associates everywhere bear testimony to his courtesy, charity and solid worth.

"He has spread the sail that is to waft him to those shores which only the eye of faith can behold, looming up over that trackless ocean of eternity—" where, clear above its waters,

> "Brightly beams our Father's mercy,
> From His light-house evermore."

Farewell, dear boy, farewell! When thoughts of the pleasant days gone by, and sad musings of what might have been, come thronging fast upon the memory, they shall bring before us the honest, manly face of our dear friend, now sleeping under the evergreen sward of that distant shore—a cherished spot—"where the boughs of trees are ever rustling in the summer, and the birds sing sweetly all day long."

[*J. K. Oulahan.*]

TO MY MOTHER.

CISNE.

G od grant the boon to me, thy wandering son,
E ach daily thought may be of thee, dear one:
O nly of thee and thy maternal love,
R icher than India's fabled treasure trove.
G entle and kind thou'st ever been to me,
E arly and late, at home or on the sea.
When last I pressed my kiss upon thy cheek,
S ad at the parting, other climes to seek,
A h, the warm love that swelled my throbbing breast,
L ike rising tides, like wavelets of unrest!
T ill next we meet, be it on earth or heaven,
E ach thought, dear mother, each to thee is given,
R ich in the thought, "*Thy love has made me blest!*"

[*B. A. Swan.*]

The following is an extract from a letter written by the naval officer with whom George W. Salter first left home, and with whom he spent three or four years:

"GIBRALTAR, *May 19th*, 1882.

"Poor Mr. and Mrs. Salter! My heart bleeds for them when I think of the dear boy they have lost. There were few persons in the world that were more attached to their boy than I was, and I can never think of him but the tears come in my eyes. He was so young when he first came with me, only eighteen years of age, that he always seemed to me like a son. I had urged him to study law, and had always taken great interest in his career, and I know what a promising lad he was and what a noble man he would have made. Mrs. B., the estimable wife of the last naval officer he was with, at Rio de Janeiro, spoke of him to me in the kindest manner; she said that she fully appreciated his noble traits of character, his goodness, his faithfulness and honesty, and his amiability and sweetness of temper; she said she had become much attached to him, and expressed herself with deep feeling on the poor boy's death. In order to keep him clear of the fever, the Paymaster had invited him to come out to the mountains and live with them, telling him it should not cost him anything. But it was evident that George wanted to be at work, and trusted himself too much in the city."

Among other acts of kindness which will be held in grateful remembrance were the prompt and sympathetic attention to inquiries given by John H. White, Esq., Secretary of the American Legation at Rio de Janeiro, and the procuring of photographic views of the cemetery by Paymaster D. P. Wight, U. S. N.; and feeling, considerate letters of sympathy from friends were greatly appreciated, among which were those written by the following persons immediately upon receipt of the sad news:

Miss Flora Predmore, Barnegat, N. J.
Henry C. Gulick, " "
Mrs. Elizabeth Predmore, " "
Rev. Wm. Salter, Burlington, Iowa.
Lieut. Commander, George R. Durand, U. S. N.
John R. Pope, New York.
John K. Oulahan, "
Dr. John F. Russell, "
Mrs. Mattie Thoms and Miss Mamie Powell, } Chester, Pa.
Wm. and Annie Vanzee, Jersey City.
Mrs. Mary Salter, Twelve Mile P. O., Kansas.
Prof. R. O. and Mrs. Moon, Philadelphia.
J. Fred. Cross, "
Charles W. Rogers, Cedar Creek, N. J.
Capt. Wm. Errickson, Toms River, N. J.
S. C. Jennings, " "
Edwin S. Errickson, " "
Edward M. Lonan, Jr., Forked River, N. J.
Mrs. Katie E. Wilbert, " "
Mrs. E. Williams, " "
George J. Bodine, " "
Mrs. Sallie E. Bowers, " "
M. S. Salter, Elizabeth, N. J.
Judge J. J. Hayden, Indianapolis, Iowa.
Mrs. Jennie E. Robinson, Frechold, N. J.
Mrs. Lizzie Murray, Baltimore, Md.
Edwin Turner, " "
George T. Cranmer, Tuckerton, N. J.
A. W. Bacon, Paymaster U. S. N.

GENEALOGY OF GEORGE W. SALTER.

SALTER FAMILY.

Richard Salter, the founder of this family, located in old Monmouth county two centuries ago. He married Sarah, daughter of Captain John Bowne, who was one of the original Monmouth patentees. They had children—John, Ebenezer, Richard, Thomas, and Hannah.

The second son, Ebenezer, married Rebecca, daughter of John Stillwell, Esq., of Staten Island. They had children—Manassah, Daniel, Alice, Thomas, and Elezar.

The second named, Daniel Salter, married, first, a Miss Ellis, and had children—John, Ebenezer, Daniel, and Richard; married second wife, Patience Hedden, and had children—William, Amos, and Joseph.

Amos Salter, son of Daniel, married, first, Sarah Frazer, and had children—Uriah, Warren, Elizabeth, Emeline, Silas, Smith, Edwin, and Rachel Matilda; married second, Amy Latourette; no children; married third, Alice Walton, and had children—Charles B., Wesley F., Ann Eliza, Samuel Dexter, and Julia.

Edwin Salter, son of Amos, married Margaret Bodine and had children—George William Salter, born Barnegat, December 30, 1853, and died Rio de Janeiro March 27, 1880, and John P. Hale, born May 18, 1856, and died June 3, 1856.

BODINE FAMILY.

The founder of this family was John Bodine, a Huguenot, among those who fled from persecution in France. He located on Staten Island, and his name is mentioned 1701. John Bodine and wife, Hester, had a son, Francois, who married Marie Day, and they in turn had a son, Jean or John, baptized November 28, 1719. This Jean or John married Dorcas ———, and had children—John, born February, 1753, and James, born December 17, 1758. The last named, John, died March, 1835, aged about 82 years; James died May 13, 1838, aged 80 years. The last named, James Bodine, married, first, Elizabeth Egbert, and had children—Nancy, Dorcas, John, Tunis, James, and Edward; and married second, Margaret Oakley, and had children—Eliza, Margaret, William, Andrew, Abraham, and Israel. The son William married Rosanna Willetts, of Warwick, Virginia, and had children—George J., William Oakley, Margaret, and Abraham. Margaret married Edwin Salter, and had children—George William Salter and John P. Hale.

HIS GRAVE.

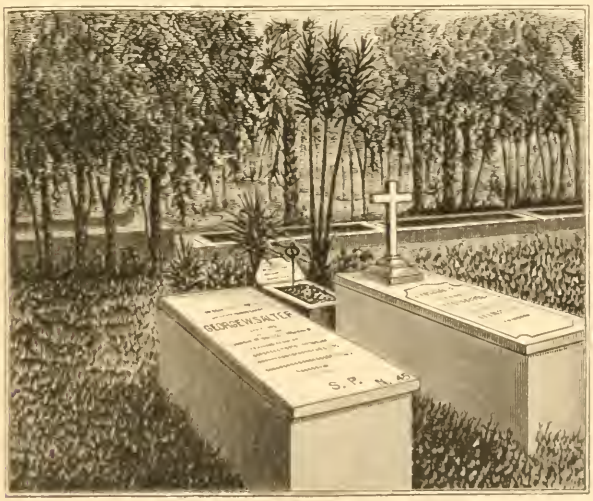
"This is the last of earth."

George W. Salter was buried in the Protestant section of the beautiful cemetery of St. Francis Xavier at Ponta de Caju', Rio de Janiero, in which are interred a number of American naval officers. The monuments in this cemetery are generally of uniform construction and as represented in the picture below, which is copied from photographs of the grave, taken under the direction of, and kindly furnished by Paymaster D. P. Wight, in charge of the U. S. Naval Depot at Rio de Janeiro, 1881–2. The letters "S. P." on the tombstone are an indication, according to the rule of the cemetery, that perpetual sepulchre has been secured; in some cases sepulture is secured for only five years.

On the tombstone is the following inscription, prepared by A. W. Bacon, Paymaster, U. S. N.:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
PAYMASTER'S CLERK
GEORGE W. SALTER,
U. S. NAVY.
Born at Barnegat, N. Jersey, December 30th, 1853,
Died, March 27th, 1880,
While on duty at the United States Naval Depot in Rio de Janeiro.

This stone is placed here by the United States Government,
To mark the final resting place of this good and faithful public servant.



As a fitting conclusion to these memorial pages, may be given the two lines expressive of the Christian's faith and hope, which are inscribed on the family monument in the Masonic cemetery, Barnegat, N. J. While the sad final farewell to all that is mortal of a loved one may be taken at the grave, yet the teachings of the blessed Saviour give the comforting assurance that all who believe in Him shall live forever where we may meet dear ones gone before, never again to part.

"Whosoever believeth in me shall never die."—John II, 26.

"WE SHALL MEET AGAIN."

First Families of Old Monmouth.

SALTER FAMILY.

BY J. E. STILLWELL, M. D., NEW YORK CITY.

The Salter family may justly lay claim o considerable antiquity. In the reign of Henry VI., temp. 1423, there lived one William Salter, who was possessed of good estate and whose ancestors had resided at and were the Lords, for over two hundred years, of a manor called Bokenhamis, in England.

Walter Salter lived in the time of Richard III., temp. 1482. At the upper end of the south aisle, in the church of Tottengen, in the county of Norfolk, there is erected to himself and lady, a tablet with the following inscription:

"Orate pro animabus
Walter Salter et Alice uxoris ejus
Et pro quibus tenentus."

"Pray for the souls of Walter Salter
And Alice his wife, and for the
Souls of all that belong to them."

1524, Henry Salter was one of the sheriffs of Norwich. 1655, John Salter was mayor of Norwich. 1663, the charter of the said city of Norwich was renewed by Charles II., and John Salter was one of the twenty-four aldermen who were appointed. He died the 20th of November, 1669, aged 77 years, and was buried in the church of St. Andrews. 1670, Bridget, the wife of Matthew Salter, died December 31, aged 42 years. She was interred in the church of St. Ethelred, and from her tomb is copied the following quaint epitaph:

"Tho' dead, yet dear,
Tho' dead, yet dear to me,
Dead is her body,
Dear her memorie."

It is doubtless from some of the foregoing persons that the Salters in this country are descended. If Mrs. Bridget, last above mentioned, was, as is positively asserted, the mother of twenty-two children, it was no wonder that some of them wanted to leave. In England at the present day, the name, though not common, is still considerably met with in certain localities, especially in the vicinity of Norfolk.

In America there are several distinct families of the name, whose arrival dates back to the latter part of the seventeenth century. In what degree of relationship, if any, their progenitors stood it is now impossiole to ascertain. The descendants of John Salter, who came from Exeter, Devonshire, England, about the year 1680, and settled at Portsmouth, N. H., and the descendants of Richard Salter, the early settler in Monmouth county, have been the most prominent in point of numbers, as well as the most conspicuous in social and political life. A family of the name residing in North Carolina during the Revolutionary war, contributed a commissary to the army and two members to the Provincial Congress. Another residing in New York city during the post revolutionary period was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and I have been written that in 1878, while the Rev. Wm. Salter, of Burlington, Iowa, was traveling in Colorado, he met the Rev. Charles C. Salter, who stated that his grandfather came to this country in 1794, from Tiverton, Devonshire, England. This makes a fifth branch, and as tradition and records prove that

others of the name came with the ancestor of the New Jersey family, and further that one Sampson Salter was admitted a freeman at Newport, Rhode Island, the 20th of 3d month, 1638, it renders the existence of still other branches very probable.

The New Jersey family, which solely interests us, became very early distinguished in the history of the State, and for a long time remained prominent. To-day, however, few can be found within its borders, and in Middletown and its vicinity, where once they clustered and were powerful, they can hardly be traced. The tradition current in the family states that shortly after the accession of Charles II. to the English throne (probably in 1664), several brothers from political and religious reasons came to this country. They landed at or near Boston, where one remained, while the other two removed thence to the State of New Jersey. Of these, one settled in Salem county and died without issue, leaving a considerable estate to his widow Hannah, who upon her decease left this property, situated in and about Philadelphia and New Jersey, to be equally divided among her own and her husband's relatives. The other brother, Richard Salter, the youngest of the three, settled as we have already stated, in Middletown, Monmouth county, New Jersey, and became the founder of the branch we are about to follow. From some caprice he changed the spelling of his name from Salter to Saltar, which some of his descendants still use, though many have lapsed into using the original orthography. The names of the other two brothers and their parentage are unknown. Whether the settler at Portsmouth, N. H., is the brother who remained behind has not been determined, though among his children we find one by the name of Richard.

The earliest date of Richard Salter's appearance in Monmouth county that I have yet found, is 1687. It is probable, however, that his settlement there antedated this period by some years, for he is found at this time as a prominent and influential personage among his fellow-townsmen—a position he could attain only by a long and tried association. He was a man of marked ability, of high social standing, and a lawyer by education. Through his talents and the influence he may have acquired by his marriage, he attained and was able to hold a leading position in the community. He was in sympathy with the Middletown patentees and their successors, and took a spirited part in opposing the encroachments of the Proprietary party. As counsel for the people, in which capacity he seems to have been employed, he championed their rights both within and without the walls of the assembly, though he needed not the stimulus of identity of interests to defend so just a cause. While acting in his professional capacity, he and Capt. John Bowne undertook to raise money to defend the patentee rights before Lord Cornbury, then governor of the province. This provoked the ill will of the Proprietors, who charged them with committing felony, crime, &c. Bowne, who was a member of the House of Representatives, was brought up for discipline, but proving obdurate, was expelled. Cornbury was also notified of their displeasure in a lengthy phillipic, which provoked a rejoinder, in which he took occasion to comment upon the illegality of this removal, and to deny the accusation that the money thus raised had been conveyed to him for the purpose of dissolving the assembly that the people might escape payment of the proprietors' quit-rents. The impeachments were subsequently proven to be false, and resulted merely from the intense party feeling then existing. Salter and Bowne represented the people and were sustained by them in all their acts, despite the criminations of the proprietary party. In 1695 Salter was elected a member of the House of Deputies, and in 1704 a member of the second assembly of Representatives. He held also the position of Judge and Justice, and in old records, in addition to these titles, is spoken of as Mr., Esq., and Captain. To estimate the character and services of Richard Salter at this distant date is a difficult matter. We who are in sympathy with the people see him as a man great in his day in that locality—as one who, by his deed as well as word, served to mould the events of his time, and as one of those who have stood out in all ages as fearless and resolute advocates of individual rights.—Viewed from the standpoint of the proprietary party he appears as "a factious and seditious person," given to false representation and desirous of evading, as well as assisting others to evade, their just obligations. According to our own individual convictions will these opinions prevail.

The dates of Richard Salter's birth and decease are not known, but the latter oc-

curred subsequently to 1724, for at this date he was still an acting judge in his county. He married Saran, daughter of Capt. John Bowne by Lydia Holmes, his wife. She was born at Gravesend, L. I., November 27, 1669, and was living as late as 1714, the date of her brother John Bowne's will, in which she and several of her children are mentioned as devisees. Their children were,

2—John Salter,
3—Ebenezer Salter,
4—Richard Salter,
5—Thomas Salter,
6—Hannah Salter.

II. John Salter, son of Richard and Sarah, was of age in or before the year 1716, at which time his uncle John Bowne's will was probated. In 1714, the year in which his uncle's will was written, he is spoken of as under age, but in 1716, at the date of probate, he had passed his minority and received property with other devisees. He resided at or in the vicinity of Freehold. His will is recorded at Trenton, N. J., Lib. ii., p. 254. It was written May 4, 1723, and probated October 1, 1723. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Elisha Lawrence and Lucy Stout. They had children as follows:

7—Lucy Salter,
8—Sarah Salter,
9—Lydia Salter,
10—Elizabeth Salter.

They were all under the age of eighteen years when his will was written, and were left to the care of their mother, whom he appoints the sole executrix of his will. Her own will was made October 8, 1728, and probated at Trenton, August 26, 1741.—She devises her property to her four children, leaving real estate, part of which is in the State of Pennsylvania.

III. Ebenezer Salter, son of Richard and Sarah, lived mostly on Staten Island, but probably moved thence to Monmouth county. In 1724 he was residing on the Island and was married. May 11, 1733, he (called yeoman of S. I'd), conveyed to John Van Voorhies a piece of land lying in "old town" for £1100. In 1734-5 he was a witness to the will of Martha de Bourepos, of Staten Island, and also the same in the year 1736 to the will of Nathaniel Britton, of Staten Island. May 25, 1738, he transfers another piece of property to John Garretsons, of the township of Aquackenon, in N. J., for £1100. It is stipulated that the purchaser need not travel more than ten miles from his house to pay the installments. Ebenezer Salter and his wife both sign this document. This lady was Rebecca, daughter of John Stillwell, Esq., of Staten Island, by his wife Rebecca Throckmorton. She was living in 1757, and "resided the best part of the time in the western part of Monmouth county." (See petition of John Corson, concerning the administration of the estate of John Stillwell, Albany records). Their children were as follows:

11—Manassah Salter,
12—Daniel Salter,
13—Alice Salter,
15—Thomas Salter,
16—Elezar, (Ebenezer ?)

IV. Richard Salter, son of Richard and Sarah, was born probably in 1699, and became a prominent personage in his State. In 1749 he was proposed as "a man of good understanding," for member of the council, and was soon thereafter appointed to the position, which he held until the year 1763, the date of his decease. In 1753 he was recommended as a fit and proper person for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in which place he was instated June 9, 1754. He was also created a commissioner to buy lands, to make Indian treaties, and to do other public work during the years 1749 to 1763. He resided for awhile in Trenton, as also for a time in Allentown, and built a large, substantial house on Black Point, west of the Naevesinks river, near the place now called Seabright. He married June 23, 1721, Hannah, daughter of Elisha Lawrence by Lucy Stout, his wife. She was born 1696, and died ——. His will is recorded at Trenton, bearing date February 11, 1762. In it he speaks of his wife a still living. He was spoken of as Richard Salter, Jr., in his sister-in-law's will (Elizabeth Salter) as late as 1728, which suggests that his father, Richard, the first comer, might still have been alive. The children of Richard 4 Salter and his wife Hannah Lawrence, were

17—Richard Salter,
18—Joseph Salter,
19—John Salter,
20—Lawrence Salter,
21—Elisha Salter,
22—Elizabeth Salter,
23—Sarah Salter.
24—Lucy Salter,
25—Catharine Salter, died in infancy,
26—Susan Salter.

V. Thomas Salter, son of Richard and Sarah, was of age in 1716, per will of uncle, John Bowne. He resided at Freehold probably during all his life. He left a

will recorded in Trenton, Lib. ii., p. 248, which mentions his wife Rachel ——, his father Richard Salter, his executor, and his three children, viz.:

27—Hannah Salter,
28—Richard Salter, } Not traced.
29—Deborah Salter,

The will was written June 13, 1722, and was probated April 25, 1723.

VI. Hannah Salter, daughter of Richard and Sarah, married Mordecai Lincoln, or as it is spelled in the old records, Lincon. Her marriage occurred prior to the year 1714—the date of her uncle John Bowne's will. It is thought that this Mordecai Lincoln and his wife Hannah Salter, are the ancestors of the late President Abraham Lincoln.

VII. Lucy Salter, daughter of John 2 and Elizabeth, married James Johnson. She was less than eighteen years of age in 1728. Their children were as follows:

30—Mary Johnson, married Moses Ogden.

31—Elizabeth Johnson, married Mr. Jimmerson.

VIII. Sarah Salter, daughter of John 2 and Elizabeth, under eighteen years of age in 1728, married Thomas Lowrie and had children, viz.:

32—James Lowrie, died young.

33—William Lowrie, died young.

34—Lucy Lowrie, married Samuel Abbott.

IX. Lydia Salter, daughter of John 2 and Elizabeth, married Richard (or Samuel) Douglass and probably died without issue.

X. Elizabeth Salter, daughter of John 2 and Elizabeth, married John Shaw and probably died with issue.

XI Manassah Salter, son of Ebenezer 3 and Rebecca, was an eminent New York merchant. He resided in the city at the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt street. His will is on record in New York, Lib. 42, p. 600. It was written January 19, 1798, and probated May 27, 1799 He married Catharine Wright, by whom he had two children, viz:

35—Thomas Salter,

36—Eliza Salter.

All three survived him, and are mentioned in his will. In this instrument he expresses himself strongly against Robert McMenomy, (who it appears married his daughter Eliza,) for his unkind treatment of his wife and her family. That he could in no way control any part of her legacy, he leaves it in charge of his worthy friend the Rev. Benjamin Moore, assistant minister of Trinity church, and his son Thomas Salter. Manassah's widow bought Gov. Ogden's place in Elizabethtown, N. J., where her son Thomas and her grandson, Com. Wm. D. Salter, subsequently lived.

XII. Daniel, son of Ebenezer 3 and Rebecca, is said to have been born in New Jersey. He lived on Staten Island at Black Horse, about the centre of the county, where he owned much land and was at one time collector. During the revolutionary period he resided on the Island, and was an object of suspicion to both Whig and Tory. When the British came to the Island they billeted themselves upon him and made way with most of his movable property. His sympathy, though possibly then disguised, was with the American party, as is abundantly proven by subsequent developments. Both he and his brother Manassah were constantly in contact with the British, and to avoid imprisonment and confiscation of their property, tried to remain neutral. By old residenters he was thought to have been the only one of the name upon the Island. In a list of the officers of the first court on Staten Island under the Republican Government, 1784, he appears as one of the constables. He was still here in 1786, for in that year he gave to John Messereau a bond for £50. Subsequently to this date he removed to Bergen county, New Jersey, which then included Hudson county. Here he held the position of deputy and then sheriff of the county. He married first Miss Ellis (?) by whom he had

37—John Salter,

38—Ebenezer Salter,

39—Daniel Salter,

40—Richard Salter.

He 12 married second, Patience Headdy (or Hedden), of Morristown, N. J., by whom he had

41—William Salter,

42—Amos Salter,

43—Joseph Salter.

He 12, married third, the widow Van Houton, the sister of Capt. Berry.

He 12 married fourth, Miss ——. By the last two wives he had no issue.

XIII. Alice Salter, daughter of Ebenezer 3 and Rebecca, married James Lisk of Staten Island Their license bears date Aug. 16, 1757. It was signed by James and John Lisk, and James Reed as bondsmen. With the exception of the last, who was of Perth Amboy, all were of Staten Island.

XV. Thomas Salter. He is spoken of in Richard 4 Salter's will as "my nephew

Thomas," hence the only supposition left open is that he is a son of Ebenezer 3.

XVI. Elezar Salter. Possibly this name is correct, but it suggests itself to me that an error has occurred in copying and that it should be Ebenezer instead. The name appears as witness to the will of Elizabeth, widow of John 2 Salter, which was written 1728, and probated 1741, and has been appended as one of the possible children of Ebenezer 3 merely from its similarity of name.

XVIII. Joseph Saltar, son of Richard 4 and Hannah, was another prominent member of the family. About 1770 he founded the celebrated Atsion iron furnace. Was Lieut. Colonel of the 2d Regiment, Monmouth militia, which he resigned October 25, 1775. He was a member of the New Jersey Provincial Congress June and August, 1775. Was imprisoned in Burlington county jail from April to October, 1777, by order of the Council of Safety, but no charge of disloyalty or other reason is assigned. It has been thought that some Quakerish influence of his second wife, Huldah Mott, might have been the cause of his withdrawal from active service, and thereby been the means of casting suspicion upon him. He married first, Sally, daughter of Samuel Holmes, at a date probably just prior to the Revolution. She was born 1734 By her he had

44—William Saltar.

He 18 married second, Huldah Mott, by whom he had

45—Sarah Saltar,
46—Richard Saltar,
47—Elizabeth Saltar,
48—James Saltar,
49—Margaret Saltar,
50—Hannah Saltar,
51—Rachel Saltar.

} See foot note containing wills.

He 18 married third, Rachel Robinson, *nee* Hartshorne.

XIX. John Saltar, son of Richard 4 and Hannah, born Nov. 17, 1733. He married first, Rachel Rheese, in 1765. She died in 1770, leaving him one daughter, viz.:

52—Margaret Saltar, who married Mr. Lardner, and died in May, 1833 or '34, leaving descendants.

John Saltar (xix) married second, Elizabeth Gordon, in 1774, by whom he had

53—Maria Saltar,
54—Lucy Saltar, died unmarried.
55—Lawrence Saltar, died unmarried at the age of 22 years.
56—John Saltar,
57—George Saltar, died unmarried at the age of 22 years.
58—Frances Saltar, (my correspondent in 1879.)
59—Gordon Saltar, died in childhood.

The mother of these children was a daughter of Thomas Gordon by his wife Janet, daughter of David Mundie.

XX. Lawrence Saltar, son of Richard 4 and Hannah, married first, Mary Tremaine; second, Dorothy Gordon. It has been claimed that Richard Saltar 4 left two sons by the name of Lawrence. It is doubted by some, and the wives above assigned to one individual, are by others assigned to two. Such an incident, though strange, is by no means an unknown one. In a letter recently received I am informed that "concerning this uncle, there is the record of his marriage to Dorothy Gordon, but no notice of a previous marriage.—Among some old letters (written by Elizabeth Gordon, wife of John Saltar 19), I find one to a friend dated Dec. 3d, 1769, and quote from it these words: 'Dolly was married last Thursday;' then follows a list of guests and account of wedding festivities, quaint and amusing. There is nothing to indicate that Dolly was the second wife." Lawrence Saltar, who married Dolly Gordon, left no issue.

XXI. Elisha Saltar, son of Richard 4 and Hannah, was born 1727, and died 1756. He had a son who is mentioned in his father's will (that is in Richard 4 Sal-

NOTE.

Will of Elizabeth Saltar, of Shrewsbury, N. J., recorded at Freehold, written May 26, 1841, and probated Oct. 29, 1850, mentions her nieces, viz: Mary Saltar, daughter of her brother Richard Saltar; Huldah Price, Francis S. Cline and Rebecca, wife of Joseph B. Shinn.

Will of Hannah Saltar, written Jan. 18, 1854 and probated Dec. 5, 1860, mentions her sisters Margaret and Elizabeth and her brother Wm. Saltar, likewise Mary Salter, Huldah Price, Joseph Salter and Nathan Jackson Salter, children of her brother Richard; Joseph Salter, son of her brother William; Elizabeth and John Mappa and her nieces Frances S. Cline and her sister Rebecca Shinn.

Will of Sarah Saltar, written March 29, 1839, and probated Jan. 27, 1841, mentions her sisters, Elizabeth, Hannah and Margaret; her sister-in-law, widow of her brother Richard; nieces Huldah Price and Mary L. Saltar, daughters of her brother Richard Saltar; Jane, daughter of John and Sarah Mappa and various others.

These wills need no commentation other than that they are valuable as throwing light upon the descendants of Joseph Saltar 18.

120—Fanny Cline who lived with her aunts at Shrewsbury.

LIII. Maria Salter, daughter of John 19 and Elizabeth, married Kearney Wharton, of Philadelphia, about the year 1795. Her children were :

121—Thomas Wharton.

122—John Wharton, died about 1833, unmarried.

123—Lloyd Wharton.

124—Elizabeth Wharton

125—George Wharton, died unmarried.

126—James Wharton, residing in Phila. 1882.

LVI. John Saltar, son of John 18 and Elizabeth, lived at Tacony, N. J., where he married Margaret, daughter of Samuel Howell, Esq. They had the following children :

127—Lawrence Saltar, died Oct. 1832, in his 21st year.

128—John Saltar, of Tacony.

129—Annie Saltar.

LVIII. Frances Saltar, daughter of John 19 and Elizabeth, was born about 1790 and died unmarried Sept. 20, 1880, at Pemberton, N. J. It was through the courtesy of this most estimable lady that I obtained much of the information embodied in this manuscript.

LXXIX. Charlotte Dayton Salter, daughter of Thomas 35 and Charlotte, was born Nov. 23, 1790. She married William D. Williamson by whom she had the following children :

130—William Salter Williamson,

131—Henrietta Louise Williamson,

132—Charlotte Dayton Williamson.

All deceased.

LXXX. Thomas Barton Salter, son of Thomas 35 and Charlotte, was born Oct. 27, 1792, died Nov. 6, 1850. He was a surgeon in the U. S. Navy. His will is recorded in Lib. 101, p. 28, of N. Y. wills. In it he mentions himself as "now stationed at New York;" he refers in the same instrument to his sisters Charlotte and Catharine, and suggests that at an early date they make their wills. He appoints his cousin, Jonathan Dayton Hull, and Dr. Charles Davis, of Elizabethtown, N. J., his executors. His will was written Jan. 3, 1850, and probated Dec. 30, of the same year.

LXXXI. William Dayton Salter, son of Thomas 35 and Charlotte, born Aug. 23, 1794; died Jan. 3, 1869. He married Margaret Armstrong, and had the following children :

133—George T. Elliott Salter.

134—Meta Armstrong Salter.

135—Emily Hewson Salter.

All deceased.

He 81 was a Commodore in the U. S. Navy, and served with marked distinction.

LXXXIX. Frederick Henry Beesley Salter, son of Thomas 35 and Susan Henrietta, was born Feb. 18, 1815. He married Caroline Wells and had the following children :

136—Thomas Salter.

137—Caroline Salter.

138—Henry Salter, deceased in 1879.

139—Frederick Salter, deceased in 1879.

140—Charles Atkinson Salter.

141—Louisa Salter, deceased in 1879.

He 89 graduated in Philadelphia about 1838, and soon after went west where he practiced medicine until the date of his decease, which occurred at Montezuma, Iowa, Feb. 1, 1882. His widow, children and grandchildren survive him.

XC. Susan Henrietta Salter, daughter of Thomas 35 and Susan Henrietta, married Col. George W. Wallace, U. S. A., now of N. Y., and had the following children :

142—William Wallace.

143—Thomas Wallace.

144—Lizzie Wallace.

Mrs. Wallace 90 is living at the present date (1882).

XCI. Maria Louisa Salter, daughter of Thomas 35 and Susan Henrietta, married Col. Wm. E. Prince, U. S. A. She died Aug. 11, 1864. Her children were :

145—Annie Coolidge Prince.

146—Gertrude Prince.

147—Louise Gordon Prince.

148—Susan Lyman Prince.

XCIII. Henrietta Matilda Spencer Salter, daughter of Thomas 35 and Susan Henrietta, married Elisha R. Codwise, and had the following children :

149—Edward Bertie Codwise.

150—Louisa Salter Codwise, born Nov. 11, 1850.

XCIV. Mary Catharine McMenomy, daughter of Robert McMenomy and Eliza Salter 36, married Thomas Bell. She was deceased in 1879. She left a daughter :

151—Rosa Bell, who married Samuel Brevoort, of N. Y., by whom she has had three sons and one daughter, Mary Brevoort.

XCVI. Lavinia Louise McMenomy, daughter of Robert McMenomy and Eliza Salter 36, married Lawrent Allien and had one daughter.

152—Miss Allien married Earle Douglass, of N. Y.

C. Rev. David B. Salter, over eighty years of age in 1878. Resides at Salterville, Hudson county, N. J. About 1818 he lived in that part of Monmouth county now called Ocean county, whence he removed in 1833 to his present home. He married first a cousin of Hon. Joel Parker. His present wife is a daughter of Sylvester Hutchinson, of Hightstown, who, like his brother Robert, was famous as a preacher in the annals of Methodism, in N. J. In the Staten Island records there appears a transfer of property, July 2, 1817, from the Rev. David B. Salter, residing in Dover, Monmouth county, N. J., to Paul Latourette, Sr., then living at Paulus Hook, N. J., but formerly of Northfield, S. I.

CIV. Uriah Salter, son of Amos 42 and Sarah, married Mary Peck. He was living in New York in 1879 and had a family of several daughters and one son, by name

153—George W. Salter.

Uriah was born January 8, 1809.

CVI. Elizabeth Salter, daughter of Amos 42 and Sarah, was born Jan. 3, 1812. She married Capt. Jacob Conover Williams, of Forked River, N. J. She was living in 1879 and had a family of three sons and one daughter.

CVII. Emeline Salter, daughter of Amos 42 and Sarah, was born Nov. 12, 1814, and died March 2, 1859. She married Capt. David Stout Parker, of Forked River and had a daughter.

154—Sarah Elizabeth Parker, who married John Calvin Bowers.

CVIII. Silas Hedden Salter, son of Amos 42 and Sarah, born May 25, 1816, and died Aug 9, 1851. He married Alice Woodbury, and had children, viz:

155—Elizabeth Salter, married Chistopher Van Riper.

156—George W. A. Salter.

CIX. Smith Salter, son of Amos 42 and Sarah, was born June 23, 1818, and was living in 1879. He married first Mary Stryker, by whom he had

156—Edwin Salter, killed at the battle of Pittsburgh landing.

158—Eliza Salter married and moved to Illinois.

Smith Salter married second Sarah King and had a son:

159—Joseph Salter, born 1860.

CXI. Hon. Edwin Salter, of Washington, D. C., son of Amos 42 and Sarah, was born Feb. 6, 1824. He married March 6, 1853, Margaret J. Bodine, of Staten Island, who was born in Feb. 1830. Had one son:

160—George William Salter, born Dec. 30, 1853.

The descendants of early Monmouth settlers are deeply indebted to Mr. Salter for his numerous contributions to family and local history. He has awakened in many a feeling of family pride which has stimulated research and thereby rescued both tradition and fact from oblivion.—Distant as he is from the scenes about which he writes, and from the records and individuals which could best supply him with information, he has yet shaped articles for the press replete with interest to the general reader, as well as to the historian and genealogist.

CXII. Rachel Matilda Salter, daughter of Amos 42 and Sarah, was born June 22, 1826. She married first Capt. George Malcom, of Forked River, and had the following children:

161—Washington Irving Malcolm, deceased about 1863.

162—Edwin Malcom.

163—Leslie Malcolm.

164—Frederick Malcolm.

165—Horatio Malcolm.

166—Matilda Malcolm.

167—Ida Malcolm.

Rachel Matilda Salter married second George Vreeland and died in 1873, leaving no issue by this union

CXXI. Thomas Wharton, son of Kearney Wharton and Maria Salter 53, married Sallie Ann Smith, of Philadelphia. Their children were:

168—Lucy, who married Joseph W. Drexel, of New York, banker.

169—Fannie, who married Col. Guy V. Henry, U. S. A. Mrs. Henry died in 1873.

CXXIII. Lloyd Wharton, son of Kearney Wharton and Maria Salter 53, changed his name upon inheriting the Bickley estates, from Wharton to Bickley. He married Margaret A., daughter of Samuel Howell, of Tacony. Their children were:

170—Lloyd W. Bickley married Hannah, daughter of Daniel Miller.

171—Robert Bickley married Agnes Singer, of Philadelphia.

172—Abraham W. Bickley married Laura Vail, of New York.

173—Howell Bickley married Miriam, daughter of Thos. Scott, of Philadelphia.

CXXIV. Elizabeth Wharton, daughter of Kearney Wharton and Maria Salter 53, married Thomas Morris, of Read-

ing. She died May, 1877, leaving one son and one daughter, viz:

174—Wharton Morris.

175—Maria Morris married D. J. B. Brooke, of Reading.

CXXVIII. John Saltar, son of John 56 and Margaret, married first Ellen Gilmore, by whom he had

176—Frances Saltar, died young.

177—John Saltar.

He married second Miss —— and had one daughter,

178—Margaret Saltar.

CXXIX. Annie Saltar, daughter of John 56 and Margaret, married Dr. J. P. Coleman, of Pemberton, N. J. Their children are:

179—Sallie Pearson Coleman.

180—Annie Saltar Coleman.

181—James Pearson Coleman.

Mrs. Coleman, and her daughter, Miss Annie S. Coleman, have aided in making this sketch much more complete than it otherwise could have been, by kindly forwarding considerable information concerning their branch of the family.

CXLIX. Edward Bertie Codwise, son of Elisha R. Codwise and Henrietta Matilda Spencer Salter 96, was born May 9, 1849. He married Emma Snyder, March 28, 1872. Their children are:

182—Henrietta Frances Codwise, born Jan 21, 1774.

183—Henry Rogers Codwise, born March 13, 1877.

Mr. Edward B. Codwise resides at Rosendale, Ulster county, New York, and has also been exceedingly kind in supplying information concerning his family.

CLX. George William Salter, son of Edwin 111 and Margaret, was born Dec. 30, 1853, and died March 27, 1880. The following tribute to his worth is copied from the *National Republican*, Washington, D. C., May 3, 1880:

The Late George W. Salter.

It is one of the very saddest duties of this life to note the demise of departing friends, and especially is this the more distressing when we are compelled to chronicle the death of the young and in a distant foreign land, where no affectionate touch of loving hands or sound of familiar voice comes to soothe the few remaining hours between this and eternity. Willing and kind friends doubtless there may be, eager to do every service in affliction or distress, but the ministering hand of a mother, with her loving tenderness, though with tear-stained eyes, robs suffering of half its sting and aids the conscious invalid the better to bear up under his rapidly approaching end.

The papers have recently announced, through the Navy Department, the death of the subject of this notice, young George W. Salter, of this city, paymaster's clerk, U. S. N., who died at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on the 27th of March last, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. In further noticing his death we desire to add a passing tribute to his memory, as a son and a friend.

Mr. Salter had been early connected with the navy, but at his present post, where he died while faithfully discharging his duty, he had been about a year. By his intelligence and courteous deportment he soon won, not only the confidence of his superiors, but also the respect and esteem of all who were brought in contact with him in either official or business intercourse. He was a young gentleman of exemplary habits, of the highest personal worth, and an affectionate and dutiful son. While his sudden death is the severest blow to devoted parents, there will not be lacking friendly sympathy for them in this hour of affliction, at the loss of their only child; a son of the purest type, a frank, hearty, generous nature, full of kindness and charity, the embodiment of all that charms the young life and calls forth from home, the centre of the tenderest affections, sentiments of enduring love and veneration.—Not one of the many who were his personal friends, but will bear cheerful testimony to his worth and character. In all the relations of his life it was ever his honest endeavor to fulfill strictly the golden rule of doing unto others as he wished to be done by, and that, too, with that noticeable consideration for the feelings of others, which marks the strongest manhood, and attracts attention while it commands respect. As a friend he was noble, just and true, and possessed of those noble qualities of head and heart which make his death a calamity to all, parents, friends and acquaintances alike.

Like a flower that is too early cut down, he has left us, and peacefully rests in a distant land. While offering to his grief-stricken parents that consolation which the sympathy of friends may afford, we bow with them to the will of an all wise Providence, and reverently say, may the turf lie lightly o'er his remains and the sunlight of Heaven beam bright on his waking.

CLXXVII. John Saltar, son of John 128 and Ellen, married Miss Sallie Pearson 179, daughter of Dr. J. Pearson Coleman, of Pemberton, N. J. Has one son—

184—Joseph Coleman Saltar.

In arranging genealogical material it is not uncommon to find a number of descendants who cannot be united to the parent stem. In a recent communication from the Hon. Edwin Salter, of Washington, there is mentioned one Samuel Salter, who appeared in Monmouth at an early date and who most likely was a son or a grandson of the first comer. It is likewise not uncommon to find pedigrees of the same family differing very considerably, even indeed to the extent of being irreconcilable. In a letter from Col. I. S. Buckalew, of Jamesburg, N. J., dated March 15, 1882, he states in response to a query, that his notes concerning his Salter ancestry yield the following information.

CLXXXV. John Salter, born about 1735, was killed while "loading a log" about 1775. He married "Epenetus, daughter of Thomas Gordon, son of Thomas Gordon and Janet, daughter of David Mudie, see p. 47, Whitehead's East Jersey History." His children were—

186—Thomas Salter.

187—Jacob Salter.

188—John Salter.

189—Margaret Salter.

190—Ann Salter.

191—Catharine Salter.

192—Epenetus Salter, a posthumous child.

CLXXXVI Thomas Salter, son of John 185 and Epenetus, married Jane Sutphen and had—

193—Ann Salter.
194—Charity Salter.
195—Hezekiah Salter.
196—John Salter.
197—Epenetus Salter.
198—Jane Salter.
199—Catharine Salter.
200—Arthur Salter.

They moved to Hamilton county, Ohio, about 1810, accompanied by all their children except Ann 193 and Charity 194.

CXCIII. Ann Salter, daughter of Thomas 186 and Jane, married Isaac G. Snedeker of Cranbury, N. J. Their children were—

201—Gertrude Snedeker.
202—Garret I. Snedeker.
203—Thomas Salter Snedeker.
204—Margaret Chambers Snedeker.

CXCIV. Charity Salter, daughter of Thomas 186 and Jane, married Peter Stults. They lived near Cranbury and left descendants.

CCIV. Margaret Chambers Snedeker, daughter of Isaac G. Snedeker and Ann Salter 193, married Dec. 12, 1829, James Buckalew. Among their children is the present Col. I. S. Buckelew, of (Camden), Jamesburg, N. J.

After careful examination and correspondence I still fail to connect John Salter 185 with the parent stock, though it would seem as if he might be identified with John Salter 19, son of Richard 4. But a glance at the two sets of children belonging to these individuals would exclude any such thought, even if direct assurances were wanting from the descendants of John Salter, that no such descendants as are ascribed to John Salter 185 had ever been heard of.

One other difference might be wisely noticed: The late Miss Francis Salter 58 assigned to her ancestor Richard Salter 4 the following children:

1st, Catharine; 2d, Sarah; 3d, Richard; 4th, Elisha; 5th, Lucy; 6th, Joseph; 7th, John; 8th, William; 9th, Lawrence; 10th, Elizabeth; 11th, James. By comparison it will be seen that this list differs with that given above both in numbers as well as names. As Miss Salter, on account of her genealogical taste and advanced years, was better able than any one recently living to speak with authority concerning her branch of the family, I would be inclined to give much weight to her arrangement in case of a revision of this manuscript.

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